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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE League of Nations Committee on Security, which meets on Monday, has an extraordinarily unpleasant task before it. There exists in the world a great desire for disarmament, but it is always the other country which should give the good example. Great Britain is opposed to all-inclusive arbitration because she fears that Egypt or Abyssinia might cite her before the Permanent Court at the Hague. France is determined not to reduce her armies until an all-inclusive arbitration scheme has been accepted. Germany, being disarmed, fails to see why other countries declare that security must precede a reduction of armaments. The United States will accept no obligations at all; and Italy would like to see the League's work for disarmament come ignominiously to grief. Only the blindest optimist could hope for great progress to be achieved at the meeting of the Security Committee.

At the outbreak of the war there were some seventy international arbitration treaties in exist-

ence, but no government gave them a thought in the moment of crisis. The new draft treaty between Great Britain and the United States which is now being studied by the Foreign Office must, if it is to have any value, be much more definite than its predecessors. The analogous treaty signed between the United States and France appears to give the Senate in Washington the right to decide not only whether a dispute shall be made the object of arbitration, but even if it shall be submitted to conciliation. This will, of course, nullify the scrapping of the old reservation about "vital interests" and "national honour." We hope that the Foreign Office, in calling attention to this weakness, will express a readiness to submit every possible dispute with the United States to a compulsory system of conciliation or arbitration. Washington has now offered a similar treaty to Berlin—considerably to the annoyance of the French—and it would be a thousand pities if, at a moment when the importance of arbitration is becoming generally realized, this country were to sign a treaty with the United States which contained nothing more binding than a number of pleasant platitudes.

**NOISE
DESTROYS
NERVES**

Heed the Scientists' warning
and instal
Call up the nearest
Remington Office for help

**Remington-Noiseless
TYPEWRITERS**

The Pan-American Congress in Havana, which is likely to come to an end in a few days' time, has been unable to pass any startlingly constructive resolutions. This inability to agree is, however, the most interesting proof of its importance. Mr. Charles Hughes, the head of the American delegation, has stubbornly refused to promise any modification of Washington's policy towards Latin America. This, in view of the presence of United States marines in Nicaragua, was only to be expected, but one feature of the Congress which had not been so widely anticipated was the strong stand taken by several South American States, and notably by the Argentine and San Salvador. Partly, perhaps, owing to the excessive attention paid to them by other members of the League of Nations, many Latin American States are for the first time fully conscious that they are independent nations. If ever they can agree among themselves, they will challenge Washington's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine far more effectively than any European Power is likely to do.

The Big Navy group in the United States has overreached itself. Public opinion there is becoming thoroughly frightened by the idea of spending £160,000,000 on building ships which will never be used. Had we in this country looked upon the exaggerated naval proposals as a threat or a challenge, irreparable harm would have been done; nothing could then have prevented a race in armaments between the two countries upon which, above all others, decisions of world peace or world war must depend. On this side the war debts and the withdrawal of the United States from European responsibilities have undeniably led to a certain feeling of unfriendliness, and equally potent factors have doubtless been at work across the Atlantic to make Great Britain unpopular. The danger of rivalry is not, therefore, entirely dissipated. But there is now every reason to hope that the agreement which should have been reached at the Three-Power Naval Conference last summer may even yet be reached—despite "experts," Big Navy Parties, and the not very helpful speeches of Mr. Wilbur, the American Secretary of the Navy.

The appointment of the Prince of Wales to the newly created position of Master of the merchant and fishing fleets of the country reveals real imagination. It has deeply gratified a great body of men on whom during the war there devolved immense responsibility, and it will encourage them to feel that they, hardly less than those who serve in the Navy, are recognized as engaged in the national service. The mercantile marine has never thought of itself as busied in a merely commercial enterprise. It has constantly been aware that, besides earning profits for those interested in it, it was maintaining British prestige throughout the world, and that its existence and efficiency, fatal to blockade of Great Britain, constituted a powerful deterrent of war against this country. The new appointment will deepen that consciousness of service to the nation and the Empire.

Lord Woolmer's recent indiscretion about Post Office administration called down upon him on Tuesday a stinging rebuke from the Prime

Minister. Lord Woolmer had said that in his opinion the Post Office—of which he is Assistant Postmaster-General—would be run far more efficiently as a private enterprise. Having his attention called to the matter, Mr. Baldwin remarked that when he (Lord Woolmer) "attains years of discretion he will speak with that caution which characterizes every one of our utterances." The Premier's rebuke of his subordinate is almost without precedent, but that he meant all he said is evident from the concluding words of his remark. Lord Woolmer, we are bound to say, deserved what he got. Many of us hold uncomplimentary views on State management of the postal system, but surely it is elementary that if a man who finds himself holding these views finds himself also holding a Government position as one of the Post Office's representatives, he should abstain from giving them public expression. Lord Woolmer has left England on a two-months' holiday to recover his health. We should not be surprised if when he comes back it is not as Assistant Postmaster-General.

Unlike some others, we will refrain from making up our minds about the Nurse Cavell film until we have had an opportunity of seeing it. As a work of art and as a record of history it may be good or it may be bad. But there is one aspect of the matter—the most important aspect—on which it would be both unnecessary and wrong to withhold comment. Whatever the film's qualities may be as a film, there can be little doubt that it was a mistake to choose the theme. We are too close to the incidents it portrays to view them dispassionately. If there were even a risk of their arousing old animosities it would have been better that the thing should not have been attempted; and that there was that risk the controversy it has aroused is adequate proof. Nor do we take kindly to the notion of commercializing what is for many a sacred memory.

By flying from England to India in seven days in a light aeroplane, Mr. Bert Hinckler has succeeded in doing what so many more elaborately-planned enterprises have failed to do. That is to say, he has flown from one place to another widely separated from it, absolutely to schedule. His achievement will do far more good to the cause of commercial aviation than the more sensational non-stop flights of last summer. He has succeeded because he went about the job in the right way. The business of those seeking to prove the value of the aeroplane for commerce is to get from point A to point B, without mishap, in the shortest possible time. Provided this is accomplished it does not matter how many times a machine lands *en route*. The value other than spectacular of not stopping on the way is negligible. The thing to do is to get there and to get there quickly.

The British Industries Fair this year promises to surpass its predecessor of last year. It is one-third larger; prospective buyers are coming from more than sixty countries; and the fair has received more publicity abroad than could have been expected, one foreign newspaper going to the length of giving it sixteen pages of its space. The success that has rewarded the efforts of its

principal organizers, the Department of Overseas Trade, is the more creditable since that Department has worked under threat of abolition and in the midst of its labours was robbed of its chief. British trade is looking up and the fair ought to help it forward. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate a Government Department on such energy and initiative.

When Herr Marx formed the present German Government it was of vital importance to his country that he should include in it representatives of as many parties as possible. Germany, however, has long since come to the conclusion that Herr Stresemann's foreign policy is the only possible one. Even had a crisis not arisen between the Centre and the People's Parties over the maintenance of undenominational schools in certain States, some other event might have put a premature end to an uneasy union. President Hindenburg has not hesitated to intervene, in the hope of keeping the Coalition alive until important legislation has been passed, but even his influence is not likely greatly to prolong the life of the present Parliament. The chances now are that the Government will resign almost immediately, that the general elections will take place in April and that the new ministry, when it is formed, will be decidedly more to the Left, to the exclusion of representatives of the Nationalist Party.

Last week we expressed the hope that negotiations between Poland and Lithuania would begin in Copenhagen before the end of this month. That hope is apparently unjustified. M. Waldemar, the Dictator of Lithuania, is still trying to find excuses to postpone discussions and has brought upon himself an extremely blunt note from the Polish Foreign Minister. The provisional agenda of the March meeting of the League of Nations Council optimistically omits all reference to the Polish-Lithuanian frontier; but should the dispute have to be dealt with once more by Sir Austen Chamberlain and his colleagues in Geneva, M. Waldemar will seek in vain for some remnants of that sympathy for his country which was aroused throughout the world by the Polish occupation of Vilna. Three days ago Lithuania celebrated the tenth anniversary of her independence; it is high time for her to realize that a people does not improve the chances of retaining its liberty by continued defiance, not only of a powerful neighbour, but of all the other Members of the League. Two wrongs do not make a right in international politics, any more than they do in ordinary intercourse between individuals.

By his decision to launch a huge new newspaper venture called Northcliffe Newspapers, Limited, Lord Rothermere has taken another step in the rapid trustification of the British Press. His new scheme is for a series of provincial evening newspapers apparently to be controlled from London. This is a direct challenge to existing provincial evening papers, not only those local independent sheets that exist in many provincial towns, but also and more especially the big provincial evening papers which form an important section of the Berry Press. In so far as the attempt will stimulate journalism and provide more posts for journalists

it is to be welcomed; though if the venture is successful the second of these objects is likely to be only temporary, for once competition has been killed things will revert pretty much to the present position, there being merely a "combine" paper where there had been originally an independent one. It is a tremendous undertaking: probably the most hazardous that the Northcliffe regime has yet attempted. It will be watched with interest.

Colonel Applin's Bill for the provision of sleeping accommodation in third-class railway carriages deserves support. The proposal is that whenever first-class sleeping accommodation is provided, a proportion of third-class carriages with folding bunks should be included in the train. The folding bunk is known to travellers in certain parts of the Continent, it is found in every carriage on Indian railways, and is quite convenient, though hardly capable of being made luxurious. That this country should not have introduced it before argues an indifference to comfort and a conservatism in English railways that account for much of their existing troubles. Enterprise and imagination in matters of detail have never been characteristics of our railway companies: witness the buffet bun, which has outlived the laughter of three generations. The road powers for which the railway companies are shortly to ask Parliament show that they are awake to the necessity of attracting additional revenue. As a source of it they will not, if they are wise, despise the third-class "sleeper."

If the lot of the pedestrian in the London of to-day is unhappy, that of the motorist is not much better. Circular traffic and one-way streets he has come to understand; now he must learn to avoid reversing in certain streets within three miles of Charing Cross and certain others within six miles. We do not dispute the need for such restriction on reversing, but how is it to be enforced? Our only suggestion is that, for the complete solution of the motor traffic problem, it is necessary to add to it a restriction on causing any power-propelled vehicle to move forward within the same area. There are also new regulations against motorists wearing fancy dress. If this includes "plus fours" and the ubiquitous "beret," it is a blow from which the motor cycling classes will hardly recover.

It is typical of Lord Oxford that he should have left a request not to be buried in the Abbey. He was a man inherently averse from parade, and an Abbey funeral is inseparable from that, and nowadays, so it seems, even from controversy. In denying himself what the nation was anxious to accord him, he is found in illustrious company: other famous Prime Ministers who were not buried in the Abbey include Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Salisbury. Lord Oxford's memory will not suffer from the self-ordained exclusion; it may even gain added commendation. The outburst of affection that has followed his death has been remarkable, and remarkably encouraging. It has shown that in an age given over to the superficial, the vulgar and the noisy, quality of character such as Lord Oxford pre-eminently possessed is understood and revered.

LORD OXFORD

THE death of Lord Oxford has released all over the country an amount of affection for his personality of which he himself probably never suspected the existence. His brief period of retirement from active politics has placed his character in a new and more favourable perspective, and Lord Oxford on his death-bed was loved and admired by people of more varied and diverse shades of opinion than almost any politician of this generation. He has been compared, and not unfavourably, to Gladstone, and the two have much in common. The achievement of both was in words rather than in actual legislative changes and in the influence of personal example rather than in the formulation of specific new ideas. It may indeed be doubted whether Lord Oxford any more than Gladstone had many new ideas; in some respects he was a more died-in-the-wool Conservative than either of the last two Conservative leaders. But except with the giants whose message goes on reverberating long after they are dead it is their character rather than their opinions or even their intellectual eminence that most influences their contemporaries.

Lord Oxford had many claims to distinction. He was a very capable, though not a brilliant lawyer. He was a classical scholar who carried his scholarship into the rough and tumble of political controversy. He was a master of English prose, copious without turgidity, concrete without dryness, highly Latinized but always lucid and dignified. We have learned to be grateful for these qualities. But most of all are we grateful for his moral qualities of steadfastness and loyalty. We may find faults in his political character, but no mean or unworthy personal motive, no pettiness, and never the slightest deviation from the highest ideal of duty and public service. His life had its triumphs and many failures; no man ever owed less to good luck than he did. But the wonderful thing about him was that even his failures and disappointments increased his prestige, the inspiration of his example, and the affectionate esteem of his opponents. There are few men of our time of whom that could truthfully be said.

Lord Oxford was one of those politicians whose significance lay rather in an attitude of mind than in any positive achievement. In that respect too he was like Gladstone. Perhaps the credit of old age pensions should rather be given to him than to Mr. Lloyd George, for it was Asquithian budgeting that made them possible. He was, again, the author of one of our most important factory acts, and the Parliament Act was his. These are modest achievements compared with his great personal reputation. His constancy in the war was wonderful and some of his speeches in the course of it will count among the masterpieces of encouragement and consolation. He was a brave man and a great patriot. Yet

no one would call him a great war minister. His very virtues as critic, compromiser of extremes, balanced arbitrator of differences, told against his usefulness in war, which is the science of logical extremes and whole-hearted acceptance of one or other alternative. But it must not be forgotten that he was Prime Minister for the larger half of the war and that the true origins of victory lay in causes on which neither he nor his successor had much influence. It would be unreasonable in any event to expect a man whose genius was almost wholly parliamentary to excel in the brutal realism which war demands from its directors. But even in war the moral factors are vastly more important than the material; and to those imponderables of victory Lord Oxford contributed potently.

It was inevitable that he should give place to others during the war, but we have often wished since that he could have made the peace, for he had what Mr. Lloyd George certainly had not, a firm anchorage in principle, and his settlement would have been more consistent and more permanent. The defects of Mr. Lloyd George, revealed since the war, have caused a rebound of sympathy towards his predecessor. Men's minds reverted to his steadfastness, his patience, and his complete absence of self-seeking; his dignity in ill-fortune has impressed them. His complete separation of public duty as he conceived it from personal and private feeling becomes more admirable as the exciting junctures recede in time. In death he seems a greater man than he did at the summit of his power, and the rejected leader of a poor remnant seems a nobler figure than the old-time master of Parliament.

It has been well said that Lord Oxford was the last of the great Whigs. Lord Grey, it is true, is still with us, but he never had the political stature of his chief, and he has never been a real political force since the war. The moral ideas and (a few dogmas like Free Trade apart) the political psychology for which Lord Oxford stood, have come into their own since the war; Mr. Baldwin owes not a little of his strength in the country to them. The death of Lord Oxford completes the disintegration of the Whig dominance in Liberal councils which the Home Rule split began. It will never be said again that the Radicals won the election for the Liberal Party in order that the Whigs might take the offices, for there will soon be not a single Whig left outside the Tory Party. It was inevitable that as Liberalism edged towards the left it should sooner or later shed its own Moderates; perhaps it would have been better for the strength of the party if the process had taken place twenty years before the Labour Party came into existence.

But it is in these thoughts that we find the real historic significance of Lord Oxford's departure from us. The Liberal Party is no more; a new but greatly weakened Radical Party has taken its place, and with Lord Oxford have passed those graces, accomplishments and virtues which made the old Whigs the leaders of progressive thought for more than a century. More than a man has left; the venerable Whig tradition of political thought and public service has passed away with him, or has joined itself to the Conservatives.

THE LAW AND THE PRESS

IN the course of Tuesday's debate in the House of Commons on the proposed appointment of two additional judges, some pregnant observations on the judiciary were dropped by Mr. T. J. O'Connor. Remarking, as is quite true, that our judicial system is in many respects obsolete, he called for its wholesale reform. The salaries of judges remain what they were a hundred years ago, although to-day the cost of living is incomparably higher; income tax and super tax account for one-fifth of the salary at the outset. Judges are appointed to the Bench at an advanced age, after a long and strenuous career at the Bar (Mr. O'Connor gave the average age of House of Lords judges as 81 years, and of Lords of Appeal in Ordinary as 74 years). To accept a judgeship means security and comparative calm, no doubt, and it holds the allurements of the Long Vacation; but it also means a very substantial loss of income. It follows that some of the best legal talent is denied to the bench in the persons of barristers unwilling to suffer this loss.

It is all the more praiseworthy that the English judiciary should have maintained its reputation so unassailably. But there can be no guarantee that past and present success, under the existing system, will prevail indefinitely in the future. That the continuance of a Bench composed of underpaid men, all of them elderly, some of them tired, some of them possibly of second-rate talent, might eventually lead to the introduction of abuses no reasonable person will deny. What disturbs us is the difficulty that would then arise in calling public attention to the change. The obvious channel of criticism would be the Press, but the Press is in a ticklish position when it comes to commenting on the administration of the law.

The recent case of *Rex v. the New Statesman* has brought this fact into special prominence. This case—there has been no other exactly analogous for twenty-eight years—is of great importance to the Press and the public. On the case itself we offer no comment, but it raises issues that cannot be overlooked. The law recognizes that a judge conducting a trial is himself in a sense on trial, and that when a case is concluded, judge and jury are given over to criticism. This is to say, what is well known, that after a trial the Press is free to make its observations on the case. On the case, yes—but on those who tried it? It is here that the position is so uncertain and unsatisfactory. The law demands that no comment shall be made which will tend to bring the judiciary into contempt in the eyes of the King's subjects. This seems a reasonable enough attitude; some safeguard is clearly necessary against scurrility. The difficulty arises in determining what comment is fair and what unfair. The decision as to this rests with the Bench itself.

Suppose a purely hypothetical case—improbable as it may be—in which a judge showed prejudice in the conduct of his duties; suppose this prejudice to be flagrant and persistent: would it then be

contempt of court for a newspaper to impute bias to that judge? Would the law argue that it was necessary for the dignity of the judiciary and the respect in which it was held among the public that no such comment should be made? In that event, the Press would be under the necessity of conniving at injustice in order to uphold justice. So cynical a ruling would sooner or later bring the Bench into far greater contempt than would the Press comment it sought to curb.

Elsewhere in this issue a correspondent asks a pertinent question. "If it is not permissible," he writes, "to commiserate with the loser of a civil action on having had the case tried before a certain judge, is it permissible for a judge to congratulate a person acquitted of a criminal charge on having had the case tried before a certain jury?" There have been cases within the memory of all of us in which a judge has rated a jury for their verdict. Not long ago a judge told a jury who had brought in a verdict contrary to his summing up that he was ashamed of them; more recently still, a judge told a person acquitted of a charge of murder that he (the acquitted man) had been fortunate in the jury which had tried his case. Now if it be permissible for a judge to comment on the conduct of a jury, would it be held to be permissible for the Press to comment on that jury in like terms? Or would a newspaper so doing be held guilty of contempt? And if it is *not* permissible for a judge so to comment, is it permissible for a newspaper to criticize a judge who does so?

We ask these questions because it is essential to the true interests of justice in this country that the Press and the public should know where they stand in this matter. The English judiciary is the finest in the world; it is composed of men whose honour is beyond assail. None of its members would ever wilfully allow personal feeling to prejudice his judgment. That does not need saying. But the best of judges is human, and liable to human failures. One circumstance or another—age, upbringing, illness, religious belief, one of a dozen influences—may conceivably on occasion lend unconscious bias to his mind. It may even be that every now and then a judge in the discharge of his heavy and exacting duties may so far momentarily forget himself as to put a question or make an observation that would be liable to bias the court against a defendant. What would have to be the attitude of the Press to such an instance? Could it say what it believed to be the truth, or would it be compelled to compromise with its honest interpretation of the case and say only so much as it supposed the judiciary in its discretion would regard as reasonable? It must, as we have said, be held as conceivable that the Bench will not indefinitely maintain its present position of unassailable integrity, and in that event the kind of situation we have here hypothecated might become actual, the clash of law and Press, now happily almost non-existent, might grow acute. Of the two questions we have raised—that of the reform of the judicial system and that of the bounds of newspaper comment on the Bench—the first is much the more urgent. If this is properly carried out, occasions for considering the second may remain as rare as they fortunately are now. But that is not to say that the position is satisfactory.

THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

House of Commons, Thursday

"**B**LOW out the candles. Come children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out." I cannot write under my title this week without this quotation, which I make from memory—not, I hope, too inaccurately. Happily our play is not played out and Lord Oxford will have many successors in his part. Moreover, he prepared us for the shock of losing him by leaving the Commons for the comparative peace of the Lords. But despite his title, Lord Oxford will always be Asquith of the Commons. The Commons will have, among its future leaders, many a luckier man, some perhaps more eloquent, more creative, more decisive. But it will never know a purer or more honest soul or a sounder patriot. From Parnell to Chamberlain, from Chamberlain to Lloyd George, from Kruger to Hindenburg—what a stormy, star-crossed career! No one ever knew how great a Liberal and how greater an Englishman Asquith was until he had had him for an antagonist. How few politicians can stand that, the severest of all tests!

* *

The debate on the Address has been a sad failure for the Opposition, for nearly all the speeches that mattered were made from the Government side. The principal Labour amendment complained that the Government had neither ideas nor willingness to act in relief of unemployment. But the net result of the discussion was to show that the Government and their supporters were by no means short of ideas. The amendment recoiled on its proposers, for it was quite obvious that the Labour Party itself was much more interested in the Government's proposal to amend our rating system than in the vaunted remedy of State Socialism. Indeed, nothing was more remarkable than the yawns and obvious boredom of Labour when its own distinctive nostrum was trotted out. Mr. Henderson insisted that the real issue of his unemployment amendment was between Socialism and the individualist system, and the Government were delighted to hold him to his contention. But Mr. Thomas was heard proclaiming that this view was all wrong, and that unemployment had nothing to do with the issue of Socialism or anti-Socialism. Mr. Thomas is a good judge of tactics, and his retreat from Mr. Henderson's position was very significant. Conservatives, perhaps, take Socialism a little too seriously. It might be better if, instead of arguing seriously about it, they were to treat it as something that was merely out of date and old-fashioned. It is dreadful in these days to be *démodé*. Yet that is just what Socialism is becoming in Europe, to judge by the very effective and well-documented speech of Mr. Cyril Atkinson.

* *

The sensation of the week was provided by Mr. Boothby, of Aberdeen. This young Conservative has the repute of having greatly interested Mr. Baldwin, and it is said that he might have had office in the recent reconstruction if he had wished. He was wise to refuse; at the same time it is good to see the evidence that he is getting a little tired of being cheered from the Labour benches. He made it quite clear that he is a strong individualist. He has been to Germany and has brought back with him a proposal that England and Germany should pool their iron and coal interests and establish a joint control over the markets of Europe. Germans have fallen violently in love with the cartel system, and regret that industry here is still without central control,

split up into scores of competitive forms, and that there is no central organization that can speak for the whole industry. Perhaps things are not quite so simple as Mr. Boothby, in his youthfulness, insists. None the less, his speech deeply interested the House, and the appeal for the rationalization of an international trust has not fallen on deaf ears.

* *

Mr. Baldwin's speech on unemployment exhibited his genius for springing a surprise. He deliberately laid himself out to present the bright side of the picture, though to deny the gravity of the unemployment was no part of his intention. The North will not like that part of his argument which spoke of a gradual shifting of the industrial centre to the South; but the fact is undeniable. There is less unemployment in the Home Counties to-day than there has been for twenty years. Mr. Baldwin thinks of the unemployment problem mainly in terms of the transference of labour from one industry to another, and it is a notorious fact, not alluded to in the debate, that the falling off in the young recruits to the labour market, due to our war losses in 1916 and 1917, may in four or five years do much to restore the balance, and even produce an actual shortage of labour in certain industries. It was almost avowedly a statement of one side of the case, but it was well worth making—indeed, it had to be made by someone.

* *

Mr. Churchill told us nothing new about the Government's rating reforms, but he said enough to confirm the view taken in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week that the plans of the Government are fairly well advanced and that the Government have a very definite idea of what they want to do if they can. That, however, all depends on the money that they will have at their disposal, and until he knows a little more about that the Government are being very careful not to commit themselves to any specific proposal. None the less, well-informed people are prophesying that we shall have some specific proposals produced before the end of the session. Mr. Macmillan, one of the best of the "Y.M.C.A." section of young Conservatives, thinks, with good reason, that a reform of the rating system is about the biggest and most helpful thing that any Government could do in these times.

FIRST CITIZEN

RURAL PROBLEMS

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

III—RURAL RATES

RURAL rates are based upon an anachronism that we have tried to modify from time to time. They are a relic of the days when ownership of the land was the chief basis of wealth, and agriculture the chief industry. Agriculturists claim that they are now called upon to contribute in rates an unfair share of the cost of local government. Considered in the light of the proportion of the agricultural to the non-agricultural population in rural areas, the claim can hardly be maintained, as the following representative examples show:

County	No. of R.D.C.'s.	% of agricultural population to total population	Contribution from agricultural land to total rates
Cambridgeshire	6	46%	17.8%
Sussex	20	34%	7.6%
Worcester	13	31%	15.4%
Durham	14	6.4%	3.8%

The contribution of agriculturists per head is

therefore less than their fair share. On the other hand it may be argued that neither this nor the amount of land occupied should be the basis of calculation, but capacity to pay; and agriculture at the moment, with its low wages and comparatively low profits, has a very low capacity to pay. The agriculturist is paying away in local rates an unfair proportion of his income compared with what the rural doctor or the local sawmill or contractor or builder pays, and a practical case can be made out on these lines. If it is admitted, the whole system of raising rates by taxing land values and property is impeached, and the question immediately arises as to what can be substituted.

The extremists on one side are for abolishing entirely the liability of agriculturists to pay rates at all. But they adopt this view rather because of the present agricultural depression than from any considered attempt to draw up a durable system of local tax-paying based on the greatest good of the greatest number. There is no ground for believing that agriculture will be a depressed industry for the rest of time; a turn of the wheel might easily mean that the whole system would have to be altered again to relieve some other class in temporary difficulties from the burden of rate-paying and re-impose it on the farmers. No good could come of any system so unstable and so lacking in the broad perspective of statesmanship.

But supposing (and it is a very big supposition) that the remainder of the already hard-pressed community agreed to make agriculturists a rate-free, privileged class, what would be the result? First, the farmers would have to give up the very prominent position they now take in local government, and would no longer be able to protect their interests—as in a hundred small ways they very properly do—by their influence in the county councils and rural district councils. Not paying the piper, they would have no right to call the tune. They would lose both prestige and favour, and the community would suffer by their loss of responsibility. If farmers and smallholders were released from rate-paying, agricultural employees would have to be released also, as would the landowner with private means who farms part of his estate chiefly for pleasure or sport. The last is the man best able to pay rates, but it would be impossible to draw a line between him and the farmer. Heavier burdens would be thrown on other industries quite as badly hit as agriculture, and a large class would be created in the State that had no local responsibilities and no power of making itself heard in the councils of the countryside. There would be much jealousy and competition among other industries to obtain similar relief, which, in many instances, could not be justly refused. Modifications of this proposal, introduced rather as a favour or a palliative to agriculture than as a measure of common justice, would suffer to some extent the same disadvantages. Also, if agricultural rates are merely reduced, as they were by 50% in 1896 and by another 25% in 1923, the relief tends to become offset by the necessity to increase rates generally to make up the required total. It is of little assistance to a man to halve his assessment if his rate in the £ must be doubled to meet the expense.

Abolition or reduction of farmers' rating does not seem a very fruitful field, and one is driven to inquire whether some system of local revenue-raising cannot be found more in accordance with capacity to pay—a system based on profits rather than on a standing charge irrespective of profits. Something like a local income tax, for instance. Such a scheme was worked out a few years ago by Sir Henry Keith, and was approved by the Central Executive of the Scottish National Farmers' Union. Its advantages would be that it could be sharply scaled down so

that everyone with an income would make at least a minute contribution to local revenue and thus gain both a sense of responsibility and the right to be heard; it would be based on profits and not on outgoings and so would be paid by those in the best position to pay; it would safeguard agriculture from unfair imposts without making agriculturists a favoured class, and it would not penalize improvements to property unless and until they were bringing an increased return. Roads and education—together responsible for 55% of County Council expenditure—are improving, to the common benefit and not only to the benefit of the agriculturist, and local income tax in place of a rate could be made to distribute the burden more fairly; it would not be an ephemeral palliative for an industry in temporary difficulties—like the proposal to free farmers from rates—but would automatically adjust itself, year by year, to the financial ability of individuals to play their part in contributing to the county exchequer. If in years to come, as seems probable, factories and workshops are to find their way back to the countryside and become more decentralized in the approaching electrical age, local income tax would still afford adequate machinery for them to pay their fair share.

There are difficulties, naturally. Income tax, even to replace rates, has a nasty sound in the ears of electors. Some careful thinking would have to be done to arrange for the tax to be collected by existing national income tax collecting machinery, and any other method would be too expensive; the very small contributors of a few shillings a year could probably best contribute through the post office by a stamped card. There would be loopholes for evasion by people without permanent addresses, and districts with a low total income might well be the very districts where a high local expenditure was necessary. (The present rating system is open to the same objection). Whereas the rating system allows for an exact sum to be budgeted for in advance, income tax would be a varying sum that could not be determined until the end of the year, and surpluses and deficits would be bound to arise.

If, however, such a scheme is considered and found impossible of adoption, the rating system will have to be accepted as a permanency and the best made of a bad job. There is room for improvement and adjustment in it. Relief could be given by an extension of grants-in-aid from the Exchequer, for, as has been noted, many local services have become more national and less local in character. Evidence before the Royal Commission on Local Government showed that in 1919-20 the total raised by local rates was £105,633,359, while grants paid by the Exchequer to local authorities totalled £47,968,704. It is time, too, that some distinction was made between the agricultural value of land and its other values, so that farmers are not rated on the potential building value of land which very probably better serves the national interest by remaining agricultural, and it seems unfair that people who put land to use should be taxed, while speculators who keep land out of use in the hope of its value increasing should escape.

These and doubtless many other rating reforms in rural districts could be introduced to distribute the incidence of local taxation more fairly; they would all bring some relief to the agriculturist, and bring it more satisfactorily, both from his and from the community's point of view, than by reducing again the percentage of his assessment; yet one has the uneasy feeling that this is really only tinkering with the problem of local revenue, and that sooner or later the obsolete system of taking land and property as the basis of taxation will have to be abandoned and some other way found that strikes a happier balance between benefits received and capacity to pay for them.

THE DECAY OF QUOTATION

BY VERNON RENDALL

THE twentieth century is losing, or purposely neglecting, that art of apt quotation which belonged to the nineteenth. Publicists of to-day are too eager to see the sprigs of their own imagination blossoming to have room for things said by earlier men, even if they knew them. They have not time or patience to quote, and they may prefer to quote accurately or not at all. This conscientious class seems, however, pretty small to-day, for scholars turned journalists cease to be precise, and Dean Inge is capable of perpetuating a familiar misquotation of Milton. The right text is in the reissue of Col. Dalbiac's book,* which is welcome. It contains a large supply of good passages and shows good taste, but the revision is hardly adequate. It was, too, a mistake to omit the Index of Authors with references and rely solely on the Index of Subjects. If, say, we wished to quote 'Rose Aylmer' and were not sure of the significant word, we could find it under "Landor," or if we wanted the exact text of De Quincey's "murder . . . leading to incivility and procrastination," we could tell at once from his name whether it was included or not. There are authors of one familiar quotation, like Borrow with his "wind on the heath" in 'Lavengro.'

Quotation may be overdone, suggesting that the writer has no thoughts or style of his own; the foreign matter outshines the native; and I think of the famous rebuke to a speaker who owed his wit to his memory. Macaulay verified references with punctilious care, realizing, perhaps, that a big memory is seldom verbally accurate. He saw that a man may be, like 'Hamlet,' too full of quotations, and when he felt the habit growing on him, he resisted it like the devil. It was all that he could do to keep Greek and Latin out of his letters. He was a born classical don, but the ordinary man to-day who wishes to be understood has dropped his classical tags. For one thing they appear next morning in the Press in a sadly mangled form, *disjecti membra poetæ*, and in Parliament they irritate the sensitive representatives of Labour. The mistakes of pretentious ignorance cease to amuse us as we grow older, though we may cherish a gem like the motto of Ouida's diplomatist, which was "not *pro Deo*, but *pro Ego*."

Fashion in quotation alters. Writers grow into vogue and turn out older favourites. It is difficult to keep track of all these changes. In Col. Dalbiac's book a quotation from 'Hamlet' begins "To be honest," and next to it we expect "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little. . ." This passage from Stevenson has been repeated in a host of calendars and cards. It is not there, but how could a reviser miss it? Easily enough, since no single man, unless he has a big memory, knows a great deal of the current print of to-day and has kept those memoranda which, according to the melancholy wisdom of Marcus Aurelius, he will never read, can hope to be abreast of the whole range of quotation, even in its present diminished volume.

One author notably advanced in our time is Johnson, and the current guides afford scanty help to identify his wisdom. I have used more than once his warning that "authors should keep out of the way of one another," but who could place it in the Life of Rowe? I have seen his cynical "triumph of hope over experience" in marriage ascribed to an American—and how Johnson hated Americans! Solemn quotation among speakers has largely gone out, though Mr. Baldwin might, if he had time and

opportunity, dally with John Bright's favourite, Milton. A tag from Dickens used to be the standby of the journalist, who could thus win a smile without much trouble, but even the master of vast laughter is falling behind to-day. The successful maxim is difficult to achieve in English, but there is a better store of them in the language than people know—particularly in George Eliot, whom Col. Dalbiac, we are glad to see, uses frequently. But his reviser has not found in 'Daniel Deronda,' a book seldom read to-day, the trenchant truth that "a difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections." Apart from a few lines on the war, no passage from a writer who began in the twentieth century has become familiar in the public mouth or the Press. That would not necessarily mean greatness, since a quotation is a tribute to neatness of form rather than to originality of thought. Both, however, may be credited to Mr. Kipling, the author of the 'Recessional,' and of

Romance brought up the 9.15,

the critic of English sport, and the expert praiser of machinery.

At the moment one cannot help noticing that the Bible is not quoted as it used to be, though fine passages like "Where there is no vision, the people perish" have a vogue for a time. Its rhythm and masterly language may be lost on an age which exhibits little desire for either. Dignity or beauty, which a choice quotation lends, is not sought as it was. People hurry through such print as they can find time to read, and perhaps it is as well that they remember so little of it. *Cum prophetia defecerit, dissipabitur vulgus*. We lack the prophets: we have plenty of the dissipation.

THE SATURDAY COMPETITIONS

BY A COMPETITOR

NOW that the SATURDAY REVIEW has completed its one hundredth competition, a retrospective glance may be of interest. Actually there have been 201 competitions, of which two only failed to secure entries. No one felt equal to giving a symposium between Galsworthy, Granville Barker, and Synge on a night club; nor did we reveal any desire to re-write history on the assumption that Lord Birkenhead had displaced Mr. Baldwin. In eight others no prizes were awarded; our most astonishing defeat being our failure to furnish a satisfactory cross-examination of Mother Hubbard on a charge of gross cruelty to a dog. In addition to these, four first and twenty second prizes were withheld. On the other hand, there were ten ties for the first place (including two triple ties), and four for the second. These, with several special prizes, bring the total award to 380 prizes, which have been shared by 210 competitors.

Turning to individual performances, Lester Ralph heads the list with the fine score of twenty-six prizes, including fourteen firsts; a record that might well justify his elevation to the Bench! Then follow Gordon Daviot, fifteen (eight firsts); Doris Elles, twelve (ten firsts); Major Brawn, eleven (four firsts); Non Omnia, ten (five firsts); three competitors secured seven prizes each: Marion Peacock, M. R. Williamson, P. R. Laird; G. M. Graham, Midory, Pibwob (six); Issachar, G. R. Hamilton, Puffin (five); three six; three five; five four; twelve three; and seventeen two prizes each. In addition, there were 762 commendations.

Following the method of "Stet" by looking through the back numbers, it is surprising to notice how superior the verse rendered is to the prose. It may be that verse construction has the greater interest, or the subjects selected may have had a stronger

* 'A Dictionary of Quotations (English).' By Col. Philip Hugh Dalbiac. Nelson. 2s. 6d.

appeal. Pastiche is easily the most popular subject, with parody a good second. Our results vary strangely. There were occasions on which all appeared to do well, but it has to be confessed that the word "disappointing" appears with disconcerting frequency in the judges' reports. Ingenuity, invention, and fancy appear to be ours, but, alas! how seldom are we commended for humour!

Yet the competitions have revealed (if such revelation were needed) the difficulty of the art we are essaying. They have made one competitor at least feel inclined to take his hat off to every journalist he meets. Here, at any rate, is the least expensive of our schools of journalism. For the price of a three-halfpenny stamp you may obtain the opinion of an expert on your work. If you win, you "earn while you learn." If you are commended you have at least caught the judge's eye, while if you are criticized this should prove helpful. Finally, if you are ignored it will be safe to assume that your contribution is undistinguished. And yet with all our "burning the lamp" do we improve? I wonder.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

HOUSING AND UNEMPLOYMENT

SIR,—No one will refute that housing and unemployment are both national problems, meriting the thought and goodwill of all; but mere alleviation of distress is not sufficient without investigation into causes, with a view to remedy. We cannot ignore the fact that if men, especially the young, remain idle, they will be a menace, also a liability, instead of an asset to the nation. I urge through your columns examination of some proposals relative to unemployment.

First, the Government should consider constituting a representative committee to look into the whole question. Is it not that the error which could be altered lies in raising the age for entry into employment and lowering the age for retirement? We also require technical and commercial education under qualified instructors for those attending our schools; the protection of interests of those compelled to seek blind-alley occupations, as from those unskilled branches unemployables or casuals are recruited; the placing of young persons in employment should be under the control of the education authorities rather than the Ministry of Labour; the withdrawal of all young persons under 18 from night work—25,000 boys under 16 are engaged during the night in the mines. The seeds of disease are sown in the early years, and the country which robs her young during a receptive period pays dearly. These objects possibly could be furthered by a national training association, if an adequate response were made.

I am, etc.,

D. HALLIDAY MACARTNEY

ANTI-BRITISH PROPAGANDA IN AMERICA

SIR,—I cannot be the only person who entirely fails to understand Mr. L. W. Harris.

If "Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, is just one individual, and in no instance represents America or Americans," how comes it that he does, as Mayor, represent Chicago, mainly on his anti-British platform?

"The point where lies the most danger is that of the freedom of the seas—that is, the so-called right of

Great Britain to interfere with neutral commerce on the high seas. Americans 100 per cent. will never stand for it again." Is not Mr. Harris aware that America insisted strongly on the same "so-called right" during her own Civil War? And that she strenuously exercised that same "so-called right" along with Great Britain during the late war?

If Mr. Harris is surprised that some little feeling in regard to America should occasionally find expression in England, I would earnestly beg him to read 'Honour or Dollars,' by Frederick W. Peabody, a countryman of his own.

I am, etc.,

A. G. C.

THE TOTALIZATOR

SIR,—Sir John Simon warns the Government against seeking to increase betting, by the introduction of the "totalizator," for the sake of the resulting tax.

The Legislative Council of Victoria has just refused to sanction the totalizator because, in the other Australian States, it has brought about an increase in betting. The racing companies, getting a percentage on each bet staked, frame their programme and conduct their whole racing with the object of stimulating betting. To the course betting there are limits, because there are limits to the number of people who can get there and to the ready money they care to take with them; but to town betting the increase will have no limits.

England is unique and unlike all other countries in that nearly all the betting is done in town offices. I am not considering the bookmakers' point of view.

I am, etc.,

"ON GUARD"

THE CAVELL FILM

SIR,—Apart from the merits of this controversy, observations have been made by the Foreign Secretary and the producer of the film respectively, as reported in to-day's papers, implying a naïveté which is amazing. "... Sir Austen desires me to add," writes his secretary, "that if the accounts which he has read in the newspapers are correct, as he must presume them to be, he would be even less willing to attend the performance."

One would not have supposed that any newspaper account written with whatever object in view, either in palliation or impeachment, could conceivably be "correct" enough fairly to interpret those aspects of a film on which Sir Austen Chamberlain's opinion was required.

This statement is, however, completely shadowed by the reply of Mr. Wilcox, who refers to "... the public, who can always be relied on to judge unerringly whether the subject-matter of a film is in good taste."

Comment is paralysed.

I am, etc.,

BOHUN LYNCH

THE LAW AND THE PRESS

SIR,—As one who believes that the majesty of the law should be upheld on all occasions, I write to ask if some legal expert among your readers can answer the following question: If it is not permissible to commiserate with the loser of a civil action on having had the case tried before a certain judge, is it permissible for a judge to congratulate a person acquitted of a criminal charge on having had the case tried before a certain jury?

My question is inspired by two cases which must still be fresh in the minds of most of your readers.

I am, etc.,

COLIN HURRY

SWINBURNE AND TENNYSON

SIR,—Professor C. H. Herford's comments on my letter would seem to deal mainly with the relative values of Swinburne's and Tennyson's Arthurian verse, to the disparagement of the latter.

I am certainly not aware that Tennyson had "branded" Malory, from whom I think (with the exception of 'Geraint and Enid') all the 'Idylls' are derived. Professor Herford states that Tennyson shrank from the story of the adulterous love of the Lancelot and Guinevere depicted by Malory, "who knew nothing of repentant lovers or a pardoning king." Yet "the great and guilty love he [Lancelot] bore the queen" is the *leit motif* running through the 'Idylls,' while the last book of Malory's, 'Morte D'Arthur,' certainly knows something of repentant lovers, if not a pardoning king.

The modern tendency to regard the 'Idylls' as merely emasculated Malory has, I think, been somewhat overdone. Malory and Tennyson each gave the highest ideal of chivalry of the age in which they lived—Malory that of the fifteenth, Tennyson that of the nineteenth century.

Though Tennyson did not "ignore" the story of Balin, it may be conceded, I think, that his 'Balin and Balen' is below the poetical level of the other 'Idylls.'

I am, etc.,

CHARLES L. BURROWS

10 St. George's Square, S.W.

P's AND Q's

SIR,—Can any of your readers give me some particulars of the writings of Vavasour, or Vavaseur, stated by one of the most eminent of English Latinists to have written some of the finest Latin prose of post-classical times; and can any of them inform me where I may most conveniently study the highly-reputed Latin verse of "Bobus" Smith?

IGNORAMUS

CHILD DIGGING

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

WHY do we dig? We neither think nor care. Since the first child in the world's babyhood Buried its fist in sand and found it good, Scratchers of earth are busy everywhere. A hole is wonderful; it lets you know The secrets of a world that lie below And come up piecemeal: shells that used to fly On windy currents in a watery sky, Red pebbles that were jewels long ago, A prickly star, a barnacle, old wood Smelling of pitch and pirates who may be Walking the coral jungles of the sea. *How do we dig?* As every builder should: With stick or stone or anything that's planned For scooping clay—the engine of our hand Is mightier than any dynamo. *Where are we digging?* To some buried land Where soil is softer and our tunnels grow Into a cave long as infinity. Perhaps we'll dig the round world through and through; Perhaps to Hindustan or Araby, Perhaps to China. . . . What? What puzzles you? Where are the Chinese children digging to? Let us alone. We have our work to do.

THE THEATRE
PLATFORM POINTS

BY IVOR BROWN

Sejanus, His Fall. By Ben Jonson. Produced by William Poel. The Holborn Empire. February 12.

The Fourteenth of July. By Romain Rolland. Translated by John Fernald. New Theatre, Oxford.

Listeners. By Reginald Berkeley. Wyndham's Theatre.

WHEN Shakespeare flouted the scholars with: Small have continual plodders ever won Save base authority from others' books,

he defied Jonson in advance, but he could not deter him. 'Sejanus,' a cumbrous riposte to 'Julius Cæsar,' was printed with a snowstorm of footnotes and of references to the classical authorities. Trailing clouds of Tacitus it came—but not to conquer. No doubt Ben scored his political point and laid up favours for himself by showing the dangers of dramatic haloes for conspirators; moreover, he could work off his spleen upon the mob that had bowed and bellowed for Sejanus and then trampled on his fallen body. There was the Essex parallel for the gossips of the time, but for us these mental fisticuffs of the "Mermaid" men are matters of scholarship rather than of theatre. If 'Sejanus' were to be played on a normal stage and in the normal manner of our own time, I would rather stay away. But Mr. Poel is a genius who can raise the dead. Even for 'Sejanus' there is no tomb when he is at work.

The second of the platform-stage revivals came at the right moment. Shakespeare has become once more a subject for rescue parties. One clique throws him a bowler-hat by way of life-belt; another cries out for elocution's artful aid. America sends a substantial raft in the shape of money for Stratford. Others would drag William on to safe, if expensive land, at Dorchester House or the Foundlings' Hospital. Meanwhile, Mr. Poel, who has been not only offering but proving his power to save for forty years, is left to his own devices. Admirable devices they are, but what a cruel sign it is of the careless, vulgar jostle of the theatre that this great man should still be in his lonely corner. If his name had been Polski, it might have been another tale. But for one who does not arrive all be-paragraphed from Moscow or from Buda and is merely a quiet worker with an English name, reward is hard to find. Mr. Poel once had a superb Elizabethan wardrobe; our neglect forced him to sell it. It is now in Pittsburgh. A triumph for the bowler-hat party!

The essential points about Elizabethan drama were action, rhetoric, and movement: all these were combined with a drastic intimacy between actor and audience. Now the structure of the modern theatre is suited to the exact opposite. It may be good for dialogue, but it is bad for declamation; its narrow shelf of a stage is good for canvas in repose, but bad for human beings in violent motion; its curtained arch secludes the actor and makes intimacy with the audience impossible. The Elizabethan platform was not only far larger than the average modern stage, but its triple division gave scope for swift alterations from one plane to another, both in structure and in temper. As soon as Mr. Poel recreates his platform-stage he recreates the flow, the rhythm, and the energy of Elizabethan drama. To see him working on a comparatively dull play like 'Sejanus,' with a scratch company and only one afternoon's rehearsal on the platform, is to realize with a flash what marvellous Shakespearean productions he could give us if only he had the resources and the opportunity.

I have no space to dally over 'Sejanus,' but one must thank the actors for their services, as well as Mr. Poel for his command. Mr. Clarke Smith is tireless in experimental work outside the routine of his

craft and I expect to see far more of Mr. R. W. Speaight in the future; he was a good actor at Oxford, wisely went to the Liverpool Repertory, and now ought to do well in London. His Arruntius was a vivid impersonation of Ben Jonson himself and Mr. Roy Byford's Tiberius was excellent. But 'Sejanus,' like all Mr. Poel's productions, has a simple moral. We must have more. The case for the platform is proved. And now, I suppose, they will build the new theatre at Stratford without it. In that case we shall have the old, stiff, constricted productions over again and the crowds tumbling over each other and dodging a descending curtain which breaks the action even if it does not break the actor's neck. Dare they do it?

The O.U.D.S. production of 'July the Fourteenth' was another argument for the platform-stage. Mr. Komisarjevsky had worked finely in giving discipline and direction to the enthusiasm of his crowd in a play which is as full of alarums and excursions as a terminus on Bank Holiday's eve. But the Oxford stage is narrow and the massed figures on the steps which he had set there writhed and roared in a confinement which inevitably became monotonous. There were so many revolutionaries that a man could hardly wave an arm for liberty without endangering his neighbour's ribs and eyes, and I think that with rather fewer performers there might have been rather more effect. Rolland's play is far better suited to the old English platform or the new German arena than to the curtailed nook of the ordinary English play-house. Accordingly this production, which was a soldier's battle in the sense that the crowd is the star-part, was also a battle against the familiar theatrical architecture of our country. The players could, and did, storm the Bastille by leaping from that trench which is usually held by the orchestra; to that extent the barrier between actor and audience was broken down. But one could not lose the feeling that a pack of hounds was being exercised in a back-yard.

The piece is accurately described as "a play of the people." It is the first movement of a dramatic epic and its point is to show the development of will and personality within the mob. When the Bastille has been captured, the rabble has become a regiment. The leaders get a word in edgeways, but they are dramatically less than the led. Mr. Fernald as Desmoulins, Mr. Lancaster as Marat, Mr. Findeisen as Robespierre and Mr. Rodgers as a militant of the barricades had chances to emerge from the tumult and took them. But team-work was the beginning and the end and the team went into the mauls and scummages as though determined to give practical and violent denial to the allegations of effeminacy at Oxford. It was an unselfish choice of play because the leading members of the Society had no opportunity to go "starring," and with Mr. Komisarjevsky in command there was certainty of tactical success in the mass-attack. But, since the theatre is now fighting a battle for survival against the cinema, it seems to me axiomatic that the theatre should not fight on its rival's ground. The strength of the theatre must lie in personality and the spoken word; the strength of the cinema is in its control of the impersonal and mobile mass. 'July the Fourteenth' is too like a film with noises for my own, perhaps old-fashioned, taste.

Captain Berkeley takes us to Geneva and his first act suggests political satire, lit with the sparkle of common sense. Then the desire to entertain the simple appears to have overcome his power to satirize for the judicious. His diplomats are plunged into crookery neck-deep; spies and counter-spies listen-in and out-manceuvre. Highly respectable statesmen become house-breakers and go a-burgling among the bacilli which are to be the armament of future wars. The nonsense is brisk and diverting and at the end of it

all the dramatist does make a genuine point, namely, that a brewer of mischief can stir the bottom depths of villainy under the very eyes and nose of the League and be as legally blameless as an elder in Thrums; indeed, he can go scot free with cholera germs for baggage, unless someone takes the risk of murdering him. The piece was under-rehearsed on the first night; it should now be curter and quicker, but I cannot believe that Mr. Percy Parsons will have been able to improve his admirable portrait of an American journalist.

MUSIC

TWO POPULAR PIANISTS

THE first shall be nameless—or shall we call him Legion? Of the two he is immensely the more popular, in the true sense of the word. Hence his claim, his sole one, to priority and, even, to mention at all. For, while he is himself a person of no significance, save in the circle of his admirers, his popularity is a phenomenon which is, perhaps, worth a little attention. He has, of course, his gifts, which raise him above the general run of moderately successful pianists. For instance, he has technique. He can play the right notes at the right speed.

Above all, he has what his admirers call "charm." This quality is, as often as not, the illusory product of some adopted mannerism or trick of style, and has nothing to do with the performer's personality. It may even have nothing to do with his actual performances at all, residing instead in the way he walks on to the platform, adjusts the stool and subsequently bows, or even in the mere possession of good looks, especially if these be allied either with extreme youth or snow-haired age. Sometimes, even, the "charm" is of a negative kind, consisting of the assumption of a brusque manner, a disagreeable mien, and an aggressive attitude towards both audience and instrument.

But the pianist of whom I am thinking has the positive kind of charm. He handles the music as a skilled salesman handles his customers, with a persuasive and caressing touch—yet not too familiarly, lest offence be taken. Familiarity of another kind is his trump card. For he makes up his programmes exclusively from those works with which his audience is sure to be familiar. From Mozart's sonatas he will select the one with the *Rondo alla turca*, from Beethoven's the C sharp minor from Opus 27 (and call it 'The Moonlight'). If he gives a Chopin recital—and he invariably does—he will choose those pieces which are the common exercises of amateur pianists. For from their ranks his devotees are drawn.

His readings, interpretations or, choicest synonym of all, renditions, are nicely calculated to match the standard of his admirer's intelligence. That is the secret of their admiration. For, just as the popular novelist expresses—better, indeed, than they could, but not so much better as to be beyond their comprehension—the common ideas of his million readers, so this pianist plays the familiar music just as his auditors would play it, if they possessed his technique. You may note how they respond to the expected *rallentando* or the touch of sentimental colour put in just where they would themselves put it. One cannot withhold admiration from this skilful mirroring of other men's minds. It is, withal, so tasteful. If the music is sad, the tear may spring, but it must not spill. It is for none nearer than a distant cousin, once visited long ago, that this pianist plays Chopin's Funeral March. The iron grip of death and cold grief are not subjects for mention in this polite society. There are many other taboos. Emotion may be lightly ruffled, but must not be profoundly stirred. Above all, there must be no hard thinking; indeed, very little thinking at all. The notes must, in the gushing phrase of his admirers, "simply ripple off his fingers."

My second, as the composers of acrostics say, is Artur Schnabel. I should have doubted the application to him of the adjective "popular" until the other day. But as the hall was sold out when he played at Mr. Gerald Cooper's concert a fortnight ago, he is welcome to the adjective for what it is worth. I am not altogether sorry that I heard only the last work in his programme; for, although anything he plays is worth listening to, that work was Beethoven's last and greatest sonata, the C minor. His performance of it was worthy of the music. One can say no less, and it is impossible to find higher praise. But it was terrifying. Like a strong gale, it tore at us and, having loosened the roots of those conventions wherewith our feelings are normally covered, whirled them away like so much straw. It was not a performance to please the complacent, but for those who can find in a storm something more than an unpleasant nuisance (from which the only course is to take comfortable shelter; say, by Schumann's fireside), who can, on the contrary, perceive its grandeur and appreciate the majesty of a conflict between the elements, this was a great occasion. Let me not be supposed to be reading any programme into the music or to be interpreting it in a fanciful picture. I will not even say that I am trying to put into words what I was feeling at the end of the performance. For it took words away and with one accord we sat mute for an appreciable moment after it had finished. Then we went away, chastened, but hurriedly, hoping to escape those who would tell us "how lovely," "how too superb" it had been, or those others who would inquire what one thought of it. As if one could think in the face of a revelation.

Afterwards I thought a good deal, and it seemed to me, in this retrospect, that there were two things in Schnabel's performance, which were especially worth mention. First, he plays the pianoforte honestly. He does not fudge. He knows full well that a note, once it is sounded, is done with. In this respect a pianist is like a painter in tempera. Nothing can alter what is once done. The sustaining pedal may keep a tone ringing on, but it cannot affect its first quality. Yet, while he accepts the pianoforte for what it is—an instrument of percussion—perhaps because he so accepts it, Schnabel makes it transcend itself at times, as when those trills in the *arietta* filled the air with the beating of invisible wings, like those which terrified the Prometheus of Æschylus chained to his rock. Such playing vindicates completely Beethoven's manner of writing for the pianoforte during his last years, and destroys the weakling argument that neither man nor instrument, as we know them, can make it sound right. Schnabel has not only the necessary technique—many have that—but a rare genius for its fit application to the music.

Secondly, Schnabel is the only pianist of the many I have heard play the *arietta* who can take the movement at its correct pace. The problem of the movement is, of course, its *tempo*. The theme is simply, even barely, stated. It is like a smooth, untroubled surface of water. Upon this surface Beethoven breathes, gradually breaking it up into ripples which catch and reflect a hundred points of light, or blows, until waves curl up from it and send flecks of foam flying up before the force of his passion. Now the practical difficulty is that there is no change of *tempo* from beginning to end, and, in order that the final efflorescence of the theme shall not be hurried or confused, the first statement of it must be far more leisurely than most pianists can play it without making it sound weary and uninteresting. I had almost come to believe that there was no solution but to take the opening rather faster than the rest of the movement. But again Schnabel proved Beethoven right. It can be done, given the tremendous intellectual energy which this pianist can put behind any phrase to drive it unflinchingly forward. It is not to be

denied that he uses this power of his at times to propel trifles, as though he were shooting peas from a howitzer. But when it is a matter of a projectile of the right calibre, how impressive and overpowering is the result!

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—103

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an imaginary conversation between Dr. Johnson, James Boswell and Oliver Goldsmith, on the subject of Cross-word Puzzles. The conversation is to take place in a Fleet Street tavern about the year 1775, and competitors should assume that it has been reported by Boswell. Entries may not exceed 500 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a retort from a Modern Girl to Charles Kingsley's verse:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever,
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

Competitors are limited to four lines, and the same metre must be employed as in the original.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 103a, or LITERARY 103b.)

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, February 27, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for March 3. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competition can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 101

SET BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the six best quotations from the English Classics in which prophetic references to specific makes of motor-cars occur. For example:

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

(*Henry VI., Part I, Act III, Sc. 3.*)

References must be given.

B. The English Pegasus, having grown too old to ride or drive, has been replaced by a motor-bus. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an announcement of this event in not more than twenty lines of rhymed verse, describing how certain famous writers helped, either by hand or brain, in the construction of the vehicle. It might be imagined, for instance, that

William Shakespeare and John Milton
Supervised the plan she's built on;
Keats and Shelley, Blake and Byron
Each knelt down and put a tyre on,
While Dean Swift and Walter Pater
Came and filled the radiator.

REPORT FROM MR. MARTIN ARMSTRONG

101A. If there was ever a doubt that the poet (whether he writes in prose or verse) is also the seer, it must be permanently laid to rest by the results of this competition, which has called forth such a wealth of references to motor-cars by writers who died years before they were invented that it has been extremely difficult to award the prizes. After careful and laborious scrutiny, however, I have come to the conclusion that the highest level of excellence is maintained by James Hall and M. R. Thring, whom I recommend for first and second prize respectively. But many other competitors produced a variety of exquisitely apt references. Mrs. H. R. Barker's "The unmannered dust might soil his Star," from Burns, is a great contribution, and so too is E. H. Spellens' "Sunbeams scorching all the day," from Hymns Ancient and Modern. Victor Adams has unearthed a noble testimonial from Longfellow: "God sent his Singers upon earth," and Athos from 'Henry IV,' Part I:

If speaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have.

Two excellent quotations in J. E. Smith Wright's list must be mentioned: "The Court is divided about . . . the Essex's being safe," from Pepys; and from Scott's 'Marmion': "Standards on standards . . . in slow succession still," which hints amusingly at the Standard slogan, "Count them on the road." We are shown by P. R. Laird how Tennyson foresaw the soothing effect of a new motor in cases of domestic tension: "This Fiat somewhat soothed himself and wife," while Bess W. Baxter quotes Charles Wolfe's tragic forecast: "In the grave where a Briton has laid him." Ibis, in a list which is good throughout, has a graphic reference from Wordsworth's 'Peter Bell': "Now up, now down, the Rover wends," and a sage reminder from 'Julius Cæsar':

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our Stars,
But in ourselves.

Several of the quotations have, needless to say, been discovered simultaneously by various competitors. I must point out that though the writers quoted from foresaw the advent of the motor-car, they frequently underestimated the quality of some of the best makes.

FIRST PRIZE

1. "As the gay Motes that people the Sunbeams."
Milton—'Il Penseroso'—Line 8.
2. "Star of love's soft interviews."
T. Campbell—'To the Evening Star.'
3. "Swifts are no songsters, and have only one harsh screaming note."
White's 'Selborne'—Letter xxi.
4. "Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee,
Those seeds of science called his A.B.C."
Cowper—'Conversation'—Lines 13-14.
5. "Sick and wan
The brothers' faces, in the Ford, did seem."
Keats—'Isabella'—Canto xxvii.
6. "I abstain, like the ancients, from Beans."
A. Lang—'Ballade of Neglected Merit.'

JAMES HALL

SECOND PRIZE

1. "What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?"
'Troilus and Cressida.' Act 4, Sc. 5.
2. "Thither came Uriel gliding through the even
On a Sunbeam, swift as a shooting star."
'Paradise Lost.' Bk. 4.
3. "The nine men's Morris is filled up with mud."
'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' Act 2, Sc. 1.
4. "Lacy
Would drive those Scottish Rovers to their dens
If once they blew a horn this side the Tweed."
Wordsworth. 'The Borderers.' Act 2, Sc. 3.

5. "He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford."
'Merry Wives.' Act 2, Sc. 1.
6. "Who for the proofe of his great puiſſance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
Into old Gall,"
'Faerie Queene.' Book 4, Canto 11.

M. R. THRING

101B. Nearly all who entered for this competition illustrated the collapse of Pegasus only too realistically by displaying a marked inability to write light verse. There is no doubt whatever about the award of the first prize, which goes to W. R. Dunstan's amusing and neatly turned poem. None of the rest is first-rate, but four are passable. Lester Ralph's poem is occasionally ingenious in matter, but too lax in manner, for technical excellence is a *sine qua non* in light verse. Quilisma's is, on the other hand, technically neat but a little weak in substance: his close is amusing:

Keats contrived the cushioned solace;
Note the clutch by Edgar Wallace;
And to obviate all wind-burn
Charming wind-screen wrought by Swinburne:
Fear no skids on awkward turns—
Wheels by Wells and brakes by Burns.

H. M.'s and George van Raalte's are both better than these. H. M.'s poem has a vigorous ending:

At last it's finished. Then Leigh Hunt
Springs to the driver's seat in front.
"Pass right inside, please!" shouts John Gay,
"Outside only! Right away!"

After some hesitation between these two, I recommend George van Raalte for second prize. His poem, though more unequal than H. M.'s, is also, at moments, more inspired. I forgive him line 8 for the sake of line 20.

FIRST PRIZE

Look! Look! The English Pegasus
Succeeded by a motor-bus.
Design by Morris, Swift's the wings,
Pepys made the wind-screen, Steele the springs.

Upholstery, a heavy task,
Was left to Cowper. Need you ask
Who did the padding? Gerald G.
Swears it was Johnson. So do we.

The brakes came ready made from Burns,
Sitwells' the seats; the carrier, Sterne's.
From Hazlitt, lamps and Wells the tank,
Shelley the nuts, Lever the crank.

Hood it was supplied the bonnet
While Smiles bestowed the mascot on it.
Shakespeare the dynamo, since he'll
Be always current; horn by Peele.

From Greene the body, trim and smart.
Raleigh assembled every part,
But what most surely "touched the spot"
Was payment of the tax by Scott.

W. R. DUNSTAN

SECOND PRIZE

The engine first is planned by Francis Bacon:
Next Browning takes an hour to put the brake on.
Carlyle the horn supplies, the windows Pepys,
While sometimes Ruskin helps and sometimes sleeps.
Steele moulds the framework; Lyly lays the gilt on;
Shakespeare directs them all—or all but Milton.
The gentle Cowper cushions all the seats
(Sprinkled with scent and Sanitas by Keats).
Byron looks on; while Morris and Rossetti
Adorn the roof and make it very pretty.
Swift turns the wheels; the fares are gauged by Donne—
Though Wordsworth does th' excursions on his own.
And when 'tis all complete, comes Austin Dobson
With the light and airy touch to put the knobs on
And Chaucer cries to old Anonymous:
"This is a verray parfit omnybous!"
Lastly the name: "Celestial" cries Shelley—
And straight the peaceful scene becomes a mêlée,
Till Carlyle's horn provides an apt diversion:
In haste each gains a seat—except Macpherson.

GEORGE VAN RAALTE

BACK NUMBERS—LX

WITH all our chatter about the literature of sex, we have not considered closely enough the sex of our writers. A lead was given us a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Max Beerbohm, in the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, when he pointed out that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's men were apt to be very much a woman writer's men. Max has always been the master, never the slave, of his pretty talent for paradox, and the criticism was on the whole sound, as I shall presently, if superfluously, endeavour to show. For the moment, the point is that no one has followed the lead given by Mr. Beerbohm: the history of literature which shall divide writers, without heed of mere physical characteristics, into male and female, has yet to be written.

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Mr. Beerbohm, in 1902, seems to have thought the only critic to suggest the masculinity, in a certain not literary sense, of George Sand, had been Henry James, who called her a man, not a gentleman. But precisely the same point had been made many years before Henry James wrote, and with incomparably more wit, suggestiveness and mischievousness, by Swinburne, in that miraculous passage of his essay on Tennyson and Alfred de Musset, in which she becomes M. Georges and he Mlle. Elfride—the naughtiest and the most illuminating criticism ever produced on the subject. She, as Swinburne affected to lament, was a gentleman, not quite a gentleman, who loved and rode away; he a lady, not quite a lady, destined to be a victim; and when he, poor girl, was dead and gone, it was really rather wrong of M. Georges to make public the secrets of their sojourn together in that preposterous Venice.

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But even earlier a very minor person had raised the question whether a physically masculine writer might not be spiritually feminine. In a book the title of which escapes my memory, and at which I shall certainly not look again, the late Alfred Austin, at the outset of his career, charged Tennyson, and other eminent contemporaries, with being feminine. Some thirty years later, a distinguished living critic, then resident in the Temple, chanced to discuss literature with a policeman in Fountain Court at midnight, and was equally astonished and delighted to hear his opinion that Tennyson was "a lady-like writer." The smaller Tennyson undoubtedly was. It is not only that in some of his worst work there is an element of the pretty-pretty, and that in the earlier 'Locksley Hall' there is a shrill spitefulness: a feminine hysteria issues wonderfully in some passages of 'Maud' and in 'Rizpah.' But I must return to Mr. Beerbohm's criticism of Mr. Kipling.

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The truly masculine writer takes masculinity for granted; the feminine writer, whether man or woman, is for ever anxious to assert, to underline, the masculinity of men. The danger of that feminine way of writing was long ago perceived by D. G. Rossetti, who earnestly warned Christina against "a falsetto muscularity," though she was of all women writers the least liable to fall into any such error. But if critics have warned women against it, they have rarely understood that it may be even more necessary to warn men; and Mr. Beerbohm's is probably still the only admonition addressed to Mr. Kipling.

"However urgent the other calls made by Fate on their attention, always they keep the corners of their eyes on the mirror, to assure themselves that their moustaches are bristling, and their chests expanding, and their pipes 'drawing,' satisfactorily. They are never quite sure of themselves. They tremble at the sound of their own footsteps, fearing that the soles of their boots are not heavy enough. In ever-present dread of a sudden soprano note in the bass, they tremble at the sound of their own voices. They would beware of talking much, even were they sure of their lungs." Thus Mr. Beerbohm, twenty-six years ago, on some of the masculine characters in the work of Mr. Kipling, characters which may seem to have been born of the fevered imagination of a female novelist.

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The strong man and the sheik are creations of women writers, but men may be found labouring under this same obsession with "strength," with "virility." Mr. Kipling, even at his worst, usually works free of it in the course of his story. Whatever his intentions, his genius is too powerful for them, and the assertiveness of his heroes is, after all, only a small blemish on his splendid achievement. Time has mellowed him. But who, among the many teachers of fiction by correspondence, will instruct girls with an ambition to write novels that never, never, must they seek to draw masterful men? Who will tell them that fiction is a form of art, not a means of satisfying a starved desire for sexual domination? Who?

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Women have long been emancipated, and have less excuse than they had for being self-conscious about the exercise of intellectual liberty. It is long since any critic told a woman writer to confine herself to the small beer of domesticity. There is no subject treated of in fiction by men of which women are not welcome to treat. But, for the most part, and always excepting some fine artists, they take their opportunities with self-conscious emphasis. A man's man may be dreadful enough in fiction; but a woman's idea of what a man's man should be is the very devil. Consider, for capital example, the works of Miss Ethel M. Dell. Consider also the whole tribe of dusky and violent desert ravishers. Finally, consider the multitude of women readers, lip-stick in one hand, novel in the other, who pack the tubes of an evening, all demanding tales of strong men, one-hundred-per-cent he-men. How can anybody hope to hold a plea with this rage?

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There is something pathetic in this preoccupation with "strength," against which Mr. Beerbohm in these columns raised his voice so long ago. It argues a great innocence of life to suppose that laconic and violent men with jutting chins are strong, and that the rest of us, garrulous and ordinarily mild and lacking any prominent feature, are necessarily weaklings. It argues a great ignorance of art to suppose that strong situations will suffice to make a strong book. When Henley boasted, "I am the Sword," William Minto retorted, "No, only Ancient Pistol." I wish I had as apt a thing to say to the seekers after strength. Having nothing that would so clinch the matter, I refer them to Mr. Beerbohm. A pity that he has not found in some writers of to-day texts for a second sermon on this subject. For though the evil is with us still, we have it in a new form, represented by writers with not a tithe of Mr. Kipling's gifts, and protest against the old brutality may easily miss the mark.

STET.

REVIEWS

THE CONQUERORS

By EDWARD SHANKS

The Discovery and Conquest of Mexico. By Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by A. P. Maudslay. "Broadway Travellers" Series. Routledge. 15s.

MOST of us first heard of Bernal Diaz from Prescott, who says that: "The chronicler may be allowed to have succeeded in his object. In reading his pages we feel that, whatever are the errors into which he has fallen from oblivion of ancient transactions, or from unconscious vanity—of which he had full measure—or from credulity, or any other cause, there is nowhere a wilful perversion of truth. Had he attempted it, indeed, his very simplicity would have betrayed him." He is one of the recorders of epic events who have themselves been heroes in the epic. As Prescott says again: "There was scarcely an event or an action of importance in the whole war in which he did not bear a part." When his adventurous days were over, he settled in Guatemala and in his old age wrote down the recollections of his stormy youth, moved thereto by the desire that those great deeds should not be forgotten or misrepresented. Apologies are made for his want of literary skill and his *naïveté*. But these are other rather qualities than defects when a man speaks of his own experiences and when those experiences are sufficiently exciting. Bernal Diaz wrote something rather more than an historical document of the first importance. His narrative is also captivatingly readable, so that one's interest and admiration are equally divided between the stupendous events he records and the charming revelations that he makes of his own character and general outlook.

The events were stupendous enough to have lent interest even to the shorthand notes of an agency reporter. They do not lose in impressiveness by the fact that no one concerned in them seems to have realized how impressive they were. Cortés, with a few men and a few horses, overturned a civilization, which was at any rate splendid and highly organized. He overturned it so thoroughly that we do not know, and probably never shall know, precisely what it was like. Such information as we have leaves room for endless speculation. Spengler—whose name I mention here once again with considerable diffidence—and his disciples reckon it as one of the eight or nine civilizations on the analysis of which their system is based. According to this theory, it began with the Mayas, and the Aztecs represented the final stage of it. This would accord well with the views of Mr. T. A. Joyce, as put forward in his introduction to Prescott, not so well with the views put forward in Mr. Maudslay's introduction to Bernal Diaz. Between two such authorities I will not attempt to decide, nor will I adopt the lunatic method of taking conformity with Spengler's scheme as a criterion of historical truth. The civilizations of pre-Columbian America, vast and diverse as are their remains, must be for ever a riddle to us. The utmost that can be said is that, though Cortés and his men discovered the Mexican Empire in a state of great splendour, yet its best and healthiest days were probably over. There is no other way of explaining how a state so highly and exactly organized, capable of such feats of engineering and architecture, should have been so easily overthrown. Something must be allowed for the unfamiliar weapons and tactics of the conquerors. But, when every allowance has been made, it is still not enough. The Aztecs were a reputedly warlike race and, but for some defect rather of will than of courage, could have overwhelmed the

invaders, if by nothing else, then by sheer weight of numbers. But their attitude to the unexpected foreign menace is symbolized in the divided mind of Montezuma, who could not bring himself to show a firm front to the white men from over the sea. We know next to nothing of the historical development of that civilization. But it is legitimate to guess that it was already in decay when Europe discovered it.

This may, perhaps, lessen the guilt of Cortés and his companions, who ground it into fragments with such complacent self-righteousness. To them (and this fact shines out of every page written by Bernal) it was enough that they were Christians, while the natives, whom they oppressed, despoiled and massacred, were worshippers of idols. Wherever they went their first demand was that the idols should be overthrown, and perhaps the most astonishing and most significant feature of the whole business is the readiness with which, except for some resistance from the priests, they were obeyed. When they were not, they were hurt and indignant. Bernal, whose *naïveté* may fairly stand for that of the whole expedition, tells how, at Cempoala:

All the caciques, priests and chiefs replied that it did not seem to them good to give up their idols and sacrifices, and that these gods of theirs gave them health and good harvests and everything of which they had need. When Cortés and all of us, who had seen so many cruelties and infamies which I have mentioned, heard that disrespectful answer, we could not stand it, and Cortés spoke to us about it and reminded us of certain good and holy doctrines, and said: "How can we ever accomplish anything worth doing if for the honour of God we do not first abolish these sacrifices made to idols?" and he told us to be all ready to fight should the Indians try to prevent us; but even if it cost us our lives the idols must come to the ground that very day.

Considering the actions and the character of Cortés and his men, theirs might be called the Rapsallions' Crusade. There is an even better example of the peculiar nature of their piety in the episode of the eight daughters of Caciques offered to them as a gift. The gift was acceptable, but it was an indispensable antecedent condition that the intended concubines should become Christians. And so:

The eight Indian damsels were brought to be made Christians, for they were still in the charge of their parents and uncles. And they were admonished about many things touching our holy religion and were then baptized. The niece of the fat Cacique was named Doña Catalina, and she was very ugly; she was led by the hand and given to Cortés, who received her and tried to look pleased. The daughter of the great Cacique, Cuesco, was named Doña Francisca; she was very beautiful for an Indian, and Cortés gave her to Alonso Hernández Puertocarrero. I cannot now recall to mind the names of the other six, but I know that Cortés gave them to different soldiers.

The admonishments administered to these eight girls are not specified, but it is highly probable that they included warnings against the mortal sins of adultery and fornication. The naïve rapsallionery of the Conquistadors is nowhere better shown than in this odd little episode, but it is most convincingly and appropriately apparent on every page of Bernal Diaz.

INTO SPAIN

Many Cities. By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated by Edmond L. Warre. Constable. 21s.

Marching Spain. By V. S. Pritchett. Benn. 10s. 6d.

SPAIN, one foresees, not without anxiety, will soon be as well known as Italy. Spain, from which the explorers of the New World went forth, must now entertain explorers in its turn. Its attraction is irresistible. It has individuality—perhaps the most strongly marked individuality of any country in Europe—and an air of secrecy which acts upon the jaded palate of the modern tourist with powerful effect. Happily, it is not easy to approach. Like its people,

it resents familiarity, it is hard to get to know. Its railways are few and slow, its hotels uncomfortable, its climate severe and its cooking severer still. But it must be known; the time for its debut has arrived; and a great deal therefore depends upon the form of introduction.

Mr. Belloc introduces us to Spain with a gesture all his own. A wide sweep of the arm, a finger upon the map—this way came the Mohammedan cavalry charge that almost conquered Europe, here the slow counter-attack of the Christian hosts—a cool certainty of statement, a keen zest for history and the joy of travel: when Mr. Belloc talks like this we wonder why he was ever allowed to write anything but travel-books—until we remember that we have felt the same about his history, his satire, his verse. Apparently he has not been often to Spain; some of its most famous cities are unknown to him; but no one knows better the road to its heart. You must enter Spain, he begins, descending from the passes of the Pyrenees. Any other way is like sneaking in by a back door. You must see the plains of Aragon unfolding at your feet. It is better, if possible, to come in walking; for so only will you find "the opportunity for personal and lonely discovery" such as no other place in Europe can give. There are motor-buses over the mountains for the slow-footed and elderly, and Mr. Belloc heartily approves of them—though the tourist agencies do not. But the great point is to follow the line of the reconquest, North to South. Otherwise you will miss "the grave, profound appeal of Spain." Obviously he is right—he always is about this kind of thing.

And so to Segovia, and Saragossa, and Seville, and the very borders of the last Moorish stronghold of Granada, which he will doubtless write about some day. Islam "scarred" the face of Europe; it wasted our forests; "a sort of bareness, which is like a phantasm of the desert, stretches to this day over all those lands which the great Mohammedan tide submerged." But in the rose-red walls of the Alhambra it left a "scar" of a kind which even Mr. Belloc might forgive. His next group of cities follows appropriately—the "recovered country," Palma of Majorca, Constantine, Tingad, all now in Christian hands—and finally Carthage, where nothing is left; but where the emptiness, the mere void, "leaves a stamp upon the memory." The book might have ended there; but these chapters are apparently reprinted from the illustrated weekly Press, and it was necessary to "cover the distance." So we follow Mr. Belloc back to France and Germany, and in the end we do not regret it. For it really matters little where we go, if we go in company with the best travelling companion of modern times.

Mr. Pritchett's methods are almost startlingly different. He went by sea to Lisbon, and then walked northwards, through Estremadura and Salamanca, to Vigo and the sea again. He carried a pack on his back, but its contents included no Baedeker (nor, probably, did Mr. Belloc's luggage, if it comes to that), and he assures us that he had not even read 'Don Quixote' through before he started. He tells us nothing about architecture and little about history; he seldom visits the churches or any other "sights." But he shows a quite remarkable talent for getting in touch with people in the streets. The Bible-thumping Scottish Protestant missionary of Badajoz, and his local Spanish converts, for instance, are characters so fantastically unexpected that we could not believe in them if Mr. Pritchett's account did not ring so true. Obviously he is the kind of traveller who always has adventures. The Spaniards cannot understand why any man should walk, from choice; and sometimes they mistook Mr. Pritchett for a Portuguese smuggler, sometimes for something worse. The result makes excellent reading. But the misunderstandings

were not all on their side. At one Spanish port, Mr. Pritchett was puzzled to see the flags at half-mast high:

I was bold enough to ask the carabinero. I said, "I see the flag is at half-mast in the town. Who has died in Spain?"

He turned on me, and his eyes were musingly half-closed like a cat's. There was a darkness like the bloom of grapes in them, and whether the glitter was of infinite sadness, or the token of an ancient irony, I could not tell. He said, "It is our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

I remembered then that it was Good Friday.

In fact, a thoroughly interesting book, written with a lightness of touch which does not conceal a real knowledge of the country and its people.

AMERICA'S FOREIGN RELATIONS

A History of American Foreign Relations. By Louis Martin Sears. Macmillan, 15s.

MUCH traditional insular ignorance should be dispelled by this serviceable narrative of the foreign relations of the United States. Complete surveys of the subject are as rare as detailed special studies are abundant, and the account which Professor Sears gives is useful and written with moderation. He does not accept the dogma of impartiality and shows his own standpoint clearly. For the doctrine of isolation or of Manifest Destiny he has little use. He criticizes the new imperialism, and he is usually aware of both the better and the worse aspects of what occurred. The book is interestingly written, but it is not always conspicuously lucid. The reader is sometimes left to infer what happened instead of being told, and the exact provisions of treaties are not usually indicated with clearness and precision. These defects, however, do not prevent the book from being of considerable value as a guide to the history of American diplomacy.

In outline the story of the relations of the United States with other Powers is a simple one. In the first generation of the Republic the chief object of policy was the complete establishment and maintenance of independence. Not till the second and later generations do territorial expansion and its attendant problems provide the main issues. In this, the longest phase, territorial expansion in the American continent is the biggest feature. After the Civil War and the settlement of the domestic problems of reconstruction which followed, the growth of "big business" absorbed the greater part of the country's energies. The last phase of foreign relations begins with the war against Spain in 1898, which marks the predominance of imperialism in America at no great distance in time from the predominance of imperialism in the foreign policy of European countries.

In the relations between the United States and Great Britain there have been periods of tension, but only one breach, and there has been nothing to disprove the view of Talleyrand, the most brilliant and sagacious of diplomatists, who, after his visit to America, reported in his famous paper on Anglo-American relations that ties of race, language, and interest must tend always to draw the two countries together. The terms upon which the war of independence was terminated Professor Sears calls "beyond all expectations generous." The wisdom of conciliation was recognized, if tardily, and trade between the two countries increased; but there was a number of outstanding questions. Jay's Treaty in 1794 settled several of these, but the Napoleonic wars imposed a strain which Napoleon's duplicity turned into the unfortunate war of 1812-14. The Treaty of Ghent did not settle everything, but it was joyfully accepted on both sides. Peace was welcome to the Americans at any price, and in the judgment of

Professor Sears the Treaty of Ghent marks an epoch in American development. The United States was now "independent on sea as well as land." Actually a number of further settlements was needed to complete the pacification, which facilitated the approximation of the two countries later in regard to Latin America and the Monroe Doctrine. Since that date occasional difficulties have been sometimes serious, but have never been allowed to get out of hand, and since the close of the last century it is true to say that the broad tendency has been in the direction of greater cordiality.

In a general view perhaps three features in America's foreign relations are outstanding. The first is the tremendous importance of the frontier, its constant expansion westward and southward, and the international complications to which it gave rise. A large part of the nineteenth century is taken up with the advance from the comparatively narrow fringe of eastern states till half a continent was embraced. The "new imperialism" might be regarded as an extension of this movement overseas. The second is the extent to which sectional interests have entered into the determination of policy. At the negotiations at Ghent, for example, there was almost as much difference of opinion, due to difference of interests represented, among the plenipotentiaries of the United States as between them and the British. Lastly, there is the Monroe Doctrine, its flexibility, extension, and varying interpretations. Part of it was foreshadowed in the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth it received perhaps its widest extension in connexion with the Venezuela question, when it was held to mean virtual sovereignty of the western hemisphere.

The history of American foreign policy leads up to a momentous choice. Professor Sears indicates his own sympathies by the form in which he puts it. To the modern citizen of the United States, he thinks, the question now is: "How far can he embark on international co-operation? . . . How far toward the millennium of human brotherhood can he advance with safety?" To answering these questions a study of America's foreign relations in the past is an indispensable preliminary.

A CANDID DIARIST

From a Grandmother's Arm-chair. By Helen, Countess-Dowager of Radnor. The Marshall Press. 21s.

LADY RADNOR'S reminiscences begin in 1846, the year of her birth, and go down to 1926. She has nothing very memorable or startling to record; she compiled the book, she says, from her diaries at the suggestion of her younger son, and its interest is mainly for her relations and personal friends. Mainly, but by no means entirely. Lady Radnor is not a professed historian; but the student of social history will find much that is valuable in her pages, extending as they do over a period of eighty years of continual change. Though not the most self-forgetful she is one of the least self-conscious of diarists—a fortunate combination.

A diarist ought to be candid; Lady Radnor's candour hurts nobody, not even herself; and had she been more reserved we should have missed a thousand minute touches that reveal an impulsive, generous nature, radiant with enthusiasm, and in love with life down to its smallest detail. Remembering this the reader will be indulgent if, from time to time, he comes across a recollection so small as to seem trivial. Lady Radnor's vitality brings her triumphantly to the end of a long book, the most amusing passages of which, perhaps, bear

on her childhood, her interest in music, Longford Castle, and her visits to Venice. But the whole picture is singularly complete, and one enjoys it not so much for the number of figures it exhibits (there must be hundreds) as for the general air of happiness and good humour that breathes from every page. We are left with a renewed respect for the Victorian Age. What a fortunate century, that could furnish so many agreeable impressions! And what a fortunate personality, that could take them all in!

HIGH SNOWS AND HOLY MEN

Magic Ladakh. By "Ganpat" (Major M. L. A. Gompertz). Seeley, Service. 21s.

WHEN a subject, an author and an opportunity conspire together, the result is a real book, especially when the writer is as much in love with his subject as is Major Gompertz, who tells us that whenever opportunity offers he takes the road towards the Himalayan and trans-Himalayan ranges to revisit the sparsely-peopled patches among the great glaciers and high peaks. He knows the country and people well, but for an author he is much too modest, for he affirms that, having been out in India only some twenty odd years, he really knows very little about it and strictly speaking needs another fifty years, or perhaps half a dozen of his potential future lives, before he can say that he has mastered even the fringes of his subject.

Fate brought him not long ago to Ladakh on a six months' stay; with him came, singularly enough, a camera and a typewriter, so that, his modesty notwithstanding, he found himself, fortunately for his readers, impelled to make pictures in words or by plate and film of all that he saw; types of the inhabitants, reincarnated Buddhas, red-clothed lamas, villages, gorges and glaciers. The pictures are worth looking at without the letterpress, and the letterpress is worth reading without the pictures; in fact, so vivid is the author's style that the text seems to evoke the scenes he is describing almost as clearly as if they were before the reader as moving pictures. And yet it is, withal, so effortless that purple patches are conspicuously absent and the narrative flows on as easily and pleasantly as a babbling brook.

The reader who expects records of peaks climbed and other mountaineering feats will be disappointed, for the author's main concern with snow and ice is in their relation to the passes, of which there are seven, on the Central Asian trade route recently followed by Trinkler's expedition. One remarkable fact recorded in this connexion is that one of the passes, 17,000 feet high, is almost clear of ice in August. There are no records of wind and temperature on which to base an explanatory theory.

Where he leaves his narrative and plunges into theory "Ganpat" is at times less edifying. We read, for example, that at some comparatively late period of the earth's history, Ladakh was under the sea, from which it emerged only to be covered with an ice cap during the Ice Age of which the snow slopes of the Karakorum are the remains, though it is steadily melting away. He suggests that the local snowfall is insufficient to account for the quantity of ice, and falls back upon an ice-cap sweeping right down from the North Polar regions, the disappearance of which accounts also for the desiccation of Central Asia and will eventually bring the same fate upon Ladakh. This hypothesis has to meet the obvious objection that no snowfall, however heavy, in the Arctic regions, could account for glaciers and ice-fields thousands of miles away and thousands of feet above sea level. The desiccation of Central Asia, very recent in the history of the earth, can more readily be accounted for by

secular changes in the earth's climate, the more so as the past twenty-five centuries have seen changes in the Sahara for which no glacial theory will account.

When the author comes to deal with man and his works he is on equally insecure ground, and with less excuse, for very little labour would have put him right. He says, for example, that Tibetan belongs to the Mongolian family of languages. Reference to almost any encyclopædia, or to either of the two great surveys of the world's languages which have appeared in the last ten years, would have shown that Tibetan is a member of the Sino-Tibetan family, as might be inferred from the fact that both Chinese and Tibetan use tones and distinguish words identical in sound by differences of intonation. Not much more research would have been needed to show that Tibetan polyandry is far from being unique as the author supposes. Even if Nayar polyandry is eliminated as a form of promiscuity there remain the Todas and the Dieri of Central Australia, not to speak of the less important East African examples.

The plates are for the most part excellent, but some of them are not explained in the text, among them the Wheel of Life; in this and other cases the scale is too small and no detail can be perceived without a magnifying glass. But these are insignificant faults in a book which thoroughly justifies its existence and should find many readers, young and old.

LETITIA PILKINGTON

Memoirs of Mrs. Letitia Pilkington, 1712-1750.

Written by Herself. With an Introduction by Iris Barry. Routledge. 15s.

LETITIA PILKINGTON was a person of very little account in her own day, and she would have been of less account in ours, had not circumstances thrown her into the way of Dean Swift. The value of these 'Memoirs,' which have not been reprinted for many years—though they were known to Thackeray, who drew largely upon them in the lecture on Swift in his 'English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century'—lies in the vivid portrait which is supplied of the Dean in his declining years. Letitia and her husband, a parson of low birth and (if his wife is to be trusted) of disgusting habits, were introduced to Swift by Dr. Delany in Dublin. Swift appears to have taken a liking to the young curate, whom he invited to preach at the cathedral church, and for some years the Pilkingtons enjoyed the friendship and patronage of the Dean. It was not to last, however. Seven years later we find Swift writing to Alderman Barber of his quondam acquaintances: "He proved the falsest rogue, and she the most profligate whore in either kingdom." The description, if severe, seems to have been tolerably accurate.

Memoirs written by courtesans as a rule make tedious reading, and the 'Memoirs' of Mrs. Pilkington are no exception to the rule. Her attempts at self-exculpation are unconvincing and throughout the greater part of the narrative her veracity is open to question. It may be admitted that her unfortunate and rapidly terminated marriage was hardly calculated to predispose her in favour of the clergy as a class, but her almost insane outbursts against the priests and ministers of all religions—men "who, in the robes of sanctity, commit worse frauds than highwaymen"—can only be read with amusement. She even carried her vindictiveness to the length of daring to suggest that the saintly John Wesley was in reality a lecherous hypocrite.

Much that is included in this volume is obviously suspect, but there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of that section of it which is devoted to Swift. Letitia, to do her justice, was not without a

certain faculty of observation and in our own day might have made a considerable income as a gossip-writer. Here, for instance, is a characteristic recollection of Swift in his Dublin house:

During meal-times he was evermore in a storm; the meat was always too much or too little done, or the servants had offended in some point, imperceptible to the rest of the company; however, when the cloth was taken away, he made his guests rich amends for the pain he had given them by the former part of his behaviour. . . . The Doctor never drank above half a pint of wine, in every glass of which he mixed water and sugar; yet, if he liked his company, would sit many hours over it. . . .

On one occasion Letitia's readiness of repartee evoked an unexpected tribute from the Dean. "Mr. Pilkington," said Swift to Letitia's husband, "I have a mind to clip your wife's wit."

"Indeed, Sir," said I, "that's death by law, for 'tis sterling." "Shut up your mouth, for all day, Letty," said Mr. Pilkington, "for that answer is real wit." "Nay," said the Dean, "I believe we had better shut up our own, for at this rate she'll be too many for us."

Miss Iris Barry contributes a sprightly, if somewhat unbalanced, introduction. But why does she refer to Colley Cibber as "the vilest of laureates"? Is it possible that she has never heard of Pye?

ENGLISH POTTERY

English Delft Pottery. By Major R. G. Mundy. Jenkins. 25s.

"BEAUTY," wrote Dr. Johnson in the *Idler*, "is far from operating upon collectors . . . even where beauty might be thought the only quality that could deserve notice . . ." and he gives old china as an instance, which, he declares, is not better painted nor less brittle than the modern. Twentieth-century eyes may well be rubbed with wonder at much that Johnson saw fit to say about collectors and collecting, but in that matter time has, alas! extinguished his plausibility. Old "china" (which we are to take as including both porcelain and pottery) may not be less brittle, but it certainly is better painted than the modern now. And collectors, from a general interest in all that passes for antique, have now so specialized their interests that copiously illustrated books have come to be written by them about subsidiary branches of a particular kind of collectable object.

English Delft pottery is a case in point, and Major Mundy's catalogue—for it is little more—is the first work to be solely devoted to that subject. Compared with some other forms of pottery, English Delft is a little crude and coarse, but it is certainly redolent of that "quaintness" which is apt to give pleasure, and rightly, to a generation which ordinarily dines off plates decorated with machine-made exactitude. English Delft was made with art, if not a very high art. Major Mundy tells us that it dates from the time when majolica was introduced from Italy. If so, it can hardly be said to have flattered its inspiration. Delft is distinguished by a white glaze produced by oxide of tin and lead, on which political and naval scenes were often painted; while there was a general tendency among the English potters to copy or adapt the kind of designs used in China and the East generally.

The author's description of individual pieces and of the potters of Lambeth, Brislington, and other places where factories were established in the eighteenth century, will be useful to the amateur, and the many excellent reproduced plates on a black ground will doubtless arouse the appreciation of other collectors. No attempt has been made, however, to give practical help regarding prices to be paid for Delft at the present time, and in this respect the author is wise; rivals are better left to make their own mistakes and to buy their own experience as best they may. The binding and manufacture of the book are inferior, considering its price.

NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Last Post. By Ford Madox Ford. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

East of Mansion House. By Thomas Burke. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Lacquer Couch. By Anne Duffield. Murray. 7s. 6d.

The Two Mackenzies. By W. Pett Ridge. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

MR. FORD MADOX FORD is as mannered a writer as Meredith, and like Meredith he rejoices in his manner. He has mannerisms of thought as well as mannerisms of style: irony dominates the one, fragmentariness characterizes the other. Had he written in the last century he might have been caught up by the comic spirit, for like Meredith's, his attitude towards life is a robust one. Sylvia Tietjens is just such a character as Meredith would have enjoyed drawing; he would have disliked her less than Mr. Ford does, and he would have revelled in her high spirits and in her determination to make everything and everyone bend to her will. Mark Tietjens, through whose troubled mind and before whose dying eyes much of the one day's action of 'Last Post' passes, always thought of Sylvia not by her name but by an elegant alias that Meredith also might have employed. To Mark, his brother, Christopher's wife was simply "that bitch." As she rides up on her horse towards the hut where lies the paralysed Squire of Groby, the servant Gunning tries to bar her approach. But "she exclaimed to Gunning, 'By God, if you do not let me pass, I will cut your face in half. . . .'"

Sylvia certainly is sufficiently robust—too robust for Lord Edward Campion, much too robust for her husband. She liked to represent the much-tried Christopher, who appeared "like a kindly group of sacks," as "a triply crossed being, compounded of a Lovelace, Pandarus, and a Satyr." She had been a thorn in the flesh—

largely because he had seemed to her never to be inclined to take his own part. If you live with a person who suffers from being put upon a good deal, and if that person will not assert his own rights, you are apt to believe that your standards as gentleman and Christian are below his and the feeling is lastingly disagreeable.

Mr. Ford ranges himself on the side of Christopher and Christopher was a quietist who, though not consciously a defeatist, was always worsted in his encounter with life. His creator is an ironist, a child of the present age, who looks askance on the thrusting and the ambitious and the successful, seeing such persons as so many Sylvias. His is therefore not an essential robustness; it expresses itself mainly in the vitality of his writing and in his readiness to fit into his scheme whatever phenomena of existence present themselves to his view; for he is not at all world-weary, nor does his conviction of the hard lot of the righteous take away his appetite for the multifarious experiences of life that, taken together, contribute to making that lot a hard one. On the contrary, all is fish that comes to his net: he greets the seen with a cheer. He is a romantic, of course, and that helps him. His world, that extraordinary world, so unreal when seen in relation to everyday existence, within the high boundary walls of his art and his imagination, has its own validity and moves in harmony with its own laws.

Of all the "Tietjens" novels 'Last Post' is surely the greatest *tour-de-force*; its action takes place in a day, yet seems timeless; the chief actors assemble as though for the brief appearance of a curtain-call, yet each brings the sense of a full lifetime with him. It moves with the *tempi* of life, some-

times tediously slow, sometimes at break-neck speed. It is full of complicated issues, of pure and base motives, of noble endeavours and unhappy outcomes, all bewilderingly mixed—all viewed partially and fleetingly from a hundred angles. It has the richness and the confusion and the profusion of life. Some people may say that although Mr. Ford's work possesses many of the ingredients and qualities of life the mixture he makes of them is something very different from life; wilful, feverish, self-conscious, inconsequent, and above all artificial. There certainly are moments when he seems exclusively preoccupied with art and with himself as artist. But in the novels of to-day there is so much sterility masquerading as simplicity, so much specialization aping profundity, so much dullness styling itself sincerity, so much coldness calling itself restraint, that we are ready to forgive Mr. Ford all his faults of rhetoric and exaggeration and excess.

It is less easy to forgive Mr. Thomas Burke, for though he is a first-rate story-teller he has sacrificed much of his talent to sensationalism and sentimentalism. His lively pen makes him eminently readable; like Dickens, he can describe a squalid scene with so much fancy and vitality and sense of the grotesque that the dreariness is drained out of it:

As the Stewpony dawn came up like sour milk, forty factory syrens broke loose on the town with roars, whoops, wails and screams; jets and gouts and flickers of noise; and at their summons Mrs. Dumball slid out of bed and stuck clothes on herself. She dabbed her face with a wet flannel, and dabbed her hair into a sort of "dressing." On her head she stuck a battered hat.

And his descriptive gift is matched by his ear for dialogue and for dialect. Yet his natural equipment as a writer is partially, at any rate, stultified by the habit of ending his stories with a passionate crime, a suicide or a sudden death. One sympathizes with Mr. Burke for wanting to describe the horrible, he does it so well, and at first, before one's appetite is slacked, one awaits the horrible *dénouement* with increasing excitement. But satiety soon comes. Of the twelve stories collected in 'East of Mansion House' only three end without a corpse. These three are not, perhaps, superior in workmanship to the others, but their total effect is much more satisfying. 'Crash!' and 'The Purse' are particularly good. Ironical endings can be just as much a trick as sentimental ones; but in these two stories the conclusions are both ironical and natural. The rest exhibit a kind of

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alloyed romanticism, a sticky quality which repels directly its superficial attractiveness has worn off. The stories of Chinatown, in which impressionable Chinamen perform feats of self-immolation to the scent of joss-sticks, are especially rich in this quality.

Miss Duffield has laid the scene of 'The Lacquer Couch' in China proper—in Peking, where Stephen Carrington, his shrewish, passionate dying wife, his aunt, Miss Mayhew, his ward, Ming Yun, and his protégée, Princess Anastasia, make a strange *ménage*. Miss Duffield seems to have been unable to decide what she meant her book to be; sometimes she flirts with melodrama, as when describing the opium smokers and the Manchu prince's attempt to brand Ming Yun; sometimes she takes her unnecessarily complicated situation with great seriousness, and almost compels us to believe in it. The scents and sounds and colours of Peking find their way into the pages, with charming effect. There is much readable matter in this curiously unequal book, which, after raising a great storm and pother, dies peacefully and somewhat ineffectually away.

Mr. Pett Ridge needs no reviewer's recommendation. He is one of the few authors who can be trusted not to fall below their own standard. One knows what to expect from him—that is his limitation; one knows one will always get it—that is his achievement. The two Mackenzies are twins, one a scapegrace, one an efficient business woman, both charming. Mr. Pett Ridge does not divide his attentions equally between them. Peter's instability soon takes him abroad, while Florence remains behind in the London Mr. Ridge knows so well. She gathers acquaintances as industriously as the standing stone gathers its moss; they themselves are entertaining, and Mr. Pett Ridge is even more entertaining about them. His humour is the very kernel of his trustworthiness: it never fails.

SHORTER NOTICES

One-Act Plays of To-day. Fourth Series. Selected by J. W. Marriott. Harrap. 3s. 6d.

MR. MARRIOTT'S selections of one-act plays have evidently appealed to the amateur actors. The one-act play may be almost dead on the professional stage, except in the form of robust sketches for revue and variety, but the tremendous keenness of the amateurs has created a new and intense demand. Mr. Marriott has already been their anthologist three times, and the publisher who can offer ten or a dozen one-act plays, well-bound and printed, for three shillings and sixpence, is evidently relying upon a large and faithful public. The new volume contains a nice blend of types. Miss Jennings caters for the unambitious with 'Five Birds in a Cage,' while Lord Dunsany, Mr. Sladen Smith, and Mr. Clifford Bax meet the fanciful taste. Other dramatists included are Messrs. Hankin, Malleson, Brighouse, Milne, Francis, Padraic, Colum, and Miss Rachel Lyman Field, and American contributor. In form the book is similar to its predecessors, and a good example of serviceable book-production at a popular price.

The French Riviera. By A. R. Bonus. Methuen. 6s.

IN the latest addition to the 'Little Guides' series there is a great deal of useful and trustworthy information. If only all guidebooks were equally light and handy! The author takes us as far as Moustiers Ste. Marie, near Castellane, but has no words of praise for its wonderful situation and picturesque beauty. Moustiers is really worth going a long way to see, and moreover it is only a few miles from the upper Gorges of the Verdon, stupendous ravines unrivalled in Europe. They are soon to be made accessible in part of their length, which is over twelve miles. Visitors to Hyères may be glad to know that by ascending, to a height of 500 feet, the hills at the back of the town, they may, any fine day in winter, obtain a splendid view of the distant snow-clad Maritime Alps. While speaking of the insects of the Riviera, the beautiful *Jasius* butterfly, the finest European species, might have been mentioned; it is plentiful on the island of Levant, the most easterly of the Iles d'Or. Then there is the interesting little ant-lion, whose pitfalls abound in sandy places under the stone-pines; also the stick-insect, sometimes seen on thorn-bushes; the cicada, the typical insect of Provence; and that magnificent creature, *Scolia flavifrons*, an enormous wild bee, yellow and black, which in July frequents (like so many other insects) the delicate blossoms of the sea-holly.

Tortoises are supposed by some to be insects, according to the well-known dictum of the railway porter: "Cats is dogs and

rabbits is dogs, but a tortoise is a hinseck," and therefore we will add that wanderers in the woods and wilds of the Riviera may sometimes come upon land tortoises, while the tailed water-tortoise is plentiful in the shallow rivulets such as one has to wade through when visiting the Chartreuse de la Verne from La Môle, near Cogolin.

The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford. With an Introduction by H. W. Massingham. Cape. 3s. 6d.

ALL who care about the best English prose value Hale White's work and will be glad that the 'Autobiography' has found a place in the 'Travellers' Library,' whose format is so much superior to that of the average cheap edition. In a memorial introduction Mr. Massingham makes a just claim for Hale White as a spiritual descendant of Milton and Bunyan and as the greatest imaginative genius produced by English Puritanism since their day. Hale White blends quietism and poetry. As philosopher and artist his work is significant and should win an increasing appreciation.

The Privy Council of England in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By E. R. Turner. Baltimore, U.S.A. Johns Hopkins Press. \$7.50.

THIS is the first instalment of a work planned on a large scale to include the history of council, committees, cabinets, ministers and king from 1603 to 1784. It takes up to the close of the reign of Charles II with considerable particularity, premising with an account of the Council under the Tudors, and of the Star Chamber; an account not free from considerable errors. He has, too, curiously enough, overlooked some points of importance, such, for example, as the constitution of the Council which proclaimed James I. and Charles I. It was not the Privy Council, for that automatically ceased at the death of the monarch, and it announced itself as "We the Lords Spiritual and Temporal with H.M. late Privy Council and others"—a Great Council, in fact. These slight blemishes must not be allowed to hide the merits of a solid and constructive piece of work, which must increase in value as it approaches the period which Prof. Turner has made especially his own.

The Medieval English Sheriff to 1300. By W. A. Morris. Longmans. 21s.

EVERY now and then one comes upon a piece of work which is as near perfection within its limits as work can be. Dr. Morris has set himself to collect the facts as to the development of the King's reeve in early English days into the sheriff of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy, the baron-sheriffs of the Norman kings, their gradual elimination and the transformation of the office into an administrative one, and finally the evolution of the thirteenth-century sheriff with his financial, judicial and executive duties which remained unchanged to all intents to the Tudor period. Dr. Morris's prose is hard reading, but it is a magazine of facts, and has cleared up a number of very disputed questions left unsolved by previous students.

Sundry Great Gentlemen. By Marjorie Bowen. The Bodley Head. 15s.

MISS BOWEN has paused in her career as an excellent and voluminous historical novelist to write some biographical essays which are as readable as her fiction. She has selected half a dozen subjects which will be quite fresh to the average English reader. Thus the Emperor Frederic II, once the wonder of the world, is chiefly recalled to us by Dante's two mentions of him in the 'Inferno'; Louis XII of France and Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, by Quentin Durward and Dugald Dalgetty; Carlos II by Macaulay, and Maurice of Saxony by 'Adrienne Lecouvreur.' We should have added that Dom Sebastian was best known to us by his association with that strange adventurer Thomas Stukely and Peele's 'Battle of Alcazar,' but from Miss Bowen's casual reference to "Stirling or Stukely" she seems to be unaware of this detail. Her vivid and picturesque studies will delight all who read them.

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THINKING ALOUD. By Harold Anson. Allen and Unwin. 4s. 6d.

Lectures given recently at Leeds University. The subjects include authority in religion, the idea of the infinite, immortality and psychological research, the relation between Church and State. GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE BOOKBINDINGS. By E. Ph. Goldschmidt. Benn. Two volumes. 6 guineas.

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This volume covers the period 1348-1525. Mr. Belloc has made a separate volume of this because, in his opinion, we misunderstand the great change in Europe at the Renaissance and Reformation if we regard it as following immediately upon the full life of the medieval world. To him the period is one of "advancing invention and declining virtue."

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*
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LITERARY NOTES

THE very heavy demand for Lord Ronaldshay's biography of Lord Curzon has obliged the publishers, Messrs. Benn, to postpone publication from the 2nd to the 9th of March.

The Hogarth Press announces *The Development of English Biography*, by Mr. Harold Nicolson; *Words and Poetry*, by Mr. George Rylands, a discussion of verbal values in verse; *L. E. L.*, a biography of the early nineteenth-century poetaster, by Mr. D. E. Enfield; *Imperialism and Civilization*, by Mr. Leonard Woolf.

Mr. Philip Guedalla's biography of *Wellington*, based on a vast mass of material preserved at Apsley House, is announced by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence has made a translation of Giovanni Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, which Messrs. Cape will publish early in March.

Among announcements from the Fleuron Press, we note *Emin*, a biography of the Governor of Equatoria, by Mr. A. J. A. Symons; and a study of the etchings and drawings of *Francis Unwin*, edited by Mr. John Nash, with a contribution by Mr. Campbell Dodgson.

Professor E. J. Dent has written, in *Foundations of English Opera*, a study of musical drama in England during the seventeenth century, which the Cambridge University Press will publish next month. From the Oxford University Press we are to have Professor Sanford Terry's *Bach*, a record of his career, not a critical appreciation of his music.

Among the most important of Messrs. Macmillan's announcements are *A Book of Words*, by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who has gathered up into it the public speeches made by him during the last twenty years; *The Short Stories of Thomas Hardy*, a volume of more than 1,000 pages, to be published at 7s. 6d.; and a volume of short stories by Mr. James Stephens.

Mr. Martin Armstrong has in preparation a new novel which will be published by Messrs. Victor Gollancz. From the same publisher are to come an English edition of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's poem, *Tristram*, which has already had an immense sale in America, and a new book on Dr. Johnson by Mr. Christopher Hollis.

MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

THE name of Humber will bring to many of us recollections of old days. Humber was then associated with the "two wheeler" of "Beeston," "Wolverhampton" and "Coventry" fame, the "Beeston" Humber being the last word in "push" bicycles. It was a natural step in the Humber Company's part from two wheels to four; we all know what the early models were like and the thought of them brings a smile; but the 14.40 h.p. Humber of to-day is the result of accumulated years of experiment, design, patience and practical road experience.

The 1928 4-cylinder 14.40 h.p. Humber possesses a remarkably flexible engine. It is even possible to throttle the car down to a walking pace on top gear, the transmission remaining smooth without any snatch, while the engine is just turning over—with full throttle given, rapid and even acceleration takes place. The single plate clutch is operated through self-contained levers on the flywheel, thus providing a minimum of end thrust on the crankshaft. This results in such a sweet action that it is quite possible to get away on the level from standstill in top gear.

Mention must also be made of the 20.55 h.p. 6-cylinder Humber which has an R.A.C. rating of 20.9. The four-speed gear-box, controls, clutch, etc., follow the usual Humber specification. Two popular models with coach-built bodies are the seven-seater Limousine and the seven-seater Landalette, both with long wheel chassis. As a popular Runabout the 9.20 h.p. model, R.A.C. rating 8.35 with the Humber 4-cylinder overhead inlet valve-type engine would be hard to beat. This little car may be purchased as a four-seater Saloon, with coach-built or fabric body, a four-seater Tourer or a 2-3 seater with dickey.

A return recently issued by the Ministry of Transport showed that the amount paid for motor-vehicle licences during the twelve months ending November 30, 1927, was £23,456,378, which is, however, subject to certain deductions. For the corresponding period of 1926 the total payment was £19,032,682.

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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

A DECIDED halt appears to have been called in the upward trend of quotations on the Stock Exchange. This has probably been partially brought about by the number of new issues, and by the fact that during recent weeks the bulk of the activity has been centred on the 1s. shares of various industrial concerns. I have referred in the past to this undesirable innovation in company capitalization; when a pound share stands at a substantial discount, and the 1s. Deferred share of the same Company, which invariably ranks after the pound share, stands at a substantial premium, those well versed in Stock Exchange matters can appreciate that the market is a manipulated one. Unfortunately, the public are not concerned with the merits or the demerits of the share they purchase, but merely buy in the hope that the price of the share will rise. For some months they have had it their own way—prices have risen, but the fact is at last being appreciated that a day will dawn when the price of these 1s. shares will start falling, and when this movement starts, it is likely to gather impetus amazingly quickly. It therefore behoves investors to exercise the greatest caution at the moment, as it appears possible that the turning-point has arrived. These remarks must not be considered applicable to sound industrial shares, but merely to the 1s. deferred shares in new concerns which have been pushed up to ridiculous levels by those interested, whose main object may be to unload the shares they have received as vendors at substantial prices.

RADIATION

Internal dissension in a company between shareholders and directors is always to be deplored; no matter who is right and who is wrong it generally reacts detrimentally on the business of the Company concerned. An agitation has been carried on during recent months with reference to the remuneration of the directors of Radiation Limited. Radiation Limited is an amalgamation of various companies, and when these amalgamations took place the managing director of each Company was taken on to the Radiation Board and, in addition to his director's fees, was entitled to a bonus on the gross profits of the business, provided they were in excess of a figure which was equivalent to the total profits made up by the various firms prior to the amalgamation. These agreements were perfectly legal and perfectly in order, and had the Radiation Company continued to earn profits on a similar basis to their pre-amalgamation profits nothing would have been heard of the matter. But when it is realized that the former figure of £221,718 has been so increased that the average annual profits since the amalgamation of the companies have risen to £516,740, it will be appreciated that the directors' bonus amounted to a very considerable figure. The directors have voluntarily agreed to a reduction of their bonus percentage—a step which, while they could well afford to take it, deserves gratitude from their shareholders. It is to be hoped that the agitation will, in due course, be forgotten and that the Radiation Company will continue to earn its present magnificent profits for its shareholders.

ACETATE SILK

In this REVIEW last week appeared a preliminary notice dealing with an issue of ordinary and deferred shares in the Cellulose Acetate Silk Company Limited, the Non-Inflammable Film Company's first

subsidiary. The issue proved a popular one, and the lists were closed within an hour or so of opening. The British Celanese Company apparently propose to take legal action against the Cellulose Acetate Silk Company if any of their patents are infringed. There is no reason to assume, however, that the Cellulose Acetate Silk Company will be guilty of this misdemeanour, inasmuch as Counsel have already advised them that their processes invalidate no one else's patents. The British Celanese Company are naturally acting in their shareholders' interests in guarding their patents against infringement, but it would be more reasonable for them to wait until they had definite evidence that their patents were being infringed before they started rattling their sword, or, perhaps one should say, crackling their briefs.

RUBBER

While not always seeing eye to eye with the financial policy of the present Government, I am afraid I have no sympathy with those who are complaining at the fact that the Government propose to re-investigate the workings of the Rubber Restriction Scheme. It is of little use shutting one's eyes to the fact that so far the Restriction Scheme has not achieved the object for which it was instigated; and, therefore, the coming investigation certainly appears sound policy. The opinion has been expressed in these notes in the past that the rubber producers, in their desire to see as large a margin as possible between production price and selling price, have concentrated all their efforts in raising the selling price, and have ignored the fact that another method of increasing this margin would have been to reduce the production price. Holders of rubber shares are now placed in the difficult position of deciding what they should do. Although no recovery for some time can be reasonably expected, those who are prepared to hold on to good rubber shares should not sacrifice their holdings at the present low level.

TURNER AND NEWALL

Some two months ago reference was made in these notes to the £1 Ordinary shares of Turner and Newall Limited. Since then the price of the shares has appreciated, and shareholders have been given the right to apply for one new share at 47s. 6d. for every ten shares held. A certain number of these new shares are, it is believed, now available in the market at a premium of 9s., and in view of the strength of the position of the Company attention is again drawn to them, as they appear a really first-class and most promising industrial investment. The management of Turner and Newall is most conservative, and if earnings were distributed to the hilt there is no doubt that the shares would be standing a pound or two higher than the present level. Those purchasing the shares to-day reap the benefit of the strong position that has been built up in this extraordinarily flourishing concern.

ANGLO NEWFOUNDLAND DEVELOPMENT

Dealings have started this week in the shares of the Anglo Newfoundland Development Company, Limited, a paper pulp company, the shares of which are largely held by the Associated Newspapers, Limited. Owing to the discovery of mineral deposits on this Company's areas their value of late has been greatly enhanced, the opening price being £8 10s. for the £1 share. It is interesting to note that in addition to the newspaper company above referred to, a large number of shares are held by the Associated Anglo Atlantic Corporation, the shares of which have risen to a record level this week.

TAURUS

Company Meetings

RADIATION, LIMITED

The ANNUAL MEETING of Radiation, Ltd., was held on February 15, at Birmingham.

Mr. H. James Yates, the chairman of the company, presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that he welcomed the opportunity of meeting the shareholders. There were not very many industrial concerns in this country which had been able to submit year after year reports of such substantial prosperity as their company.

The report and accounts gave full particulars regarding the position of the subsidiary companies and other important matters relating to the company. The board had also specially arranged to anticipate the usual date of the meeting by something like five weeks so that the shareholders might at the earliest possible moment be able to judge of the true state of affairs, but, owing to the work thereby entailed, it would not be practicable to hold the meeting at so early a date in future without seriously interfering with the organization of the business.

Dealing with the combined balance-sheet, the chairman said that the item of £2,392,675 was the cost to Radiation of the whole of the shares of the constituent companies. In regard to the amount due to Radiation by constituent companies, viz., £1,233,430, that had grown up by accretions under the following heads: (1) Dividend for 1927 declared and to be paid by the constituent companies, and balance of their dividends for past years, not paid over; (2) special dividend of £565,643 for the bonus shares issued in April, 1927; (3) charges paid in the first instance by Radiation on behalf of the constituent companies, and charged by them to the constituent companies; and (4) loans by Radiation to constituent companies.

Turning to the assets side, the total value of the freehold and leasehold land, buildings, plant, machinery, fixtures, &c., as they stood in the books, was upon a conservative basis. The investments amounted to £1,423,008, the greater part of which were in gilt-edged securities, and of that amount £1,415,448 had a market value to-day of £1,417,354.

The board had endeavoured to create such a position for the company that the Radiation shares should become a gilt-edged industrial investment. They had built up a huge business, and had created a financial position for the company that could withstand any adverse conditions which might conceivably arise, and that was not a too general state of things.

The combined pre-amalgamation profits of all the companies which had joined Radiation were £221,718. By increasing the business since the amalgamation the board had raised those profits to such an extent that they had averaged £516,740 per annum—a figure covering the Preference dividend eight times over.

At the same time they had not been charging excessive prices for their goods. They had all along held their own in an open competitive market. If prices and quality were not right, naturally their goods would not command such enormous sales.

The constituent companies of Radiation Ltd. were twelve in number. There were seventeen large works, covering about 140 acres of land, and a variety of trades—quite apart from the gas-stove trade—were carried on. An enormous turnover had been built up, and, if to-day they made an all-round reduction of only 10 per cent. from selling prices, the Ordinary shareholders would have to go without dividends, and, further, if the managing directors were to forego their commission and bonus—and assuming that the same efficiency of management could still be ensured—the amount thus forgo would represent only a very small percentage in the way of reduction of prices to customers.

Those of the directors who had been responsible for the creation, development, and running of the business had fixed from the very outset a definite conservative policy in the matter of building-up reserves, and the declaration of dividends. From that original policy they had never at any time or in any respect deviated, and no outside influence had either directly or indirectly modified that policy in any way whatever, either in the increase of dividend or the distribution of bonus shares.

The organization and carrying-on of the selling side of a great business like theirs was also a most difficult and complex matter. For some years past they had largely advertised in the Press. That had never before been attempted by any gas-stove makers, except in a very small way, but on the formation of Radiation they had been able gradually to develop their advertising, which they were steadily extending year by year.

Research work had been the chief factor in the success of the business. They spent in research and development work between £50,000 and £60,000 a year. That was a small percentage on the huge turnover, yet it was a big item in itself, and, as in the case of advertising, it was only by the formation of Radiation that they had placed themselves in a position to face such a heavy expenditure. The result had been that they had developed their goods to so high a degree of efficiency that they had set a standard by which all other makes were judged, and they had set that standard throughout the world, with the result that their trade, which at one time had been chiefly confined to the British Isles, was becoming world-wide. From those facts shareholders would recognize how all-important a research organization was to the continued progress of their business.

Mr. W. Mathieson seconded the resolution. After a long discussion this was put to the meeting, and declared lost on a show of hands. The chairman demanded a poll, to be taken forthwith, the result of which will be announced later.

KIRKLAND LAKE PROPRIETARY (1919)

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Kirkland Lake Proprietary (1919), Ltd., was held on the 13th inst. at River Plate House, E.C.

Mr. H. G. Latilla (the Chairman) first dealt with the balance-sheet as presented after the reorganization of the capital. As a result of business which had already matured, or was about to mature, the company, he said, was in a strong financial position, and by the end of April next all debts would have been cleared off and there will be a good cash balance.

The Board proposed to convene a meeting somewhere about the end of April with a view to a further reduction of capital by means of another distribution of assets, and, assuming the shareholders sanctioned the proposal, they might reasonably expect to receive a substantial return by way of cash, free, of course, of income-tax, and it was possible that the Board might get the reduction approved by the Court and the distribution made within one month of the resolutions being confirmed.

The market for silver had been in a most depressed condition for a long time past, and the Board had been obliged to pin their hopes almost entirely on the Tough-Oakes Burnside Gold Mines. The chief problem there had been that of finance, and steps had been taken, by the issue of bonds to the amount of \$400,000, to ensure the necessary funds being available to carry out the programme laid out by the mine manager for the next two years or more. As a result of that operation the Tough-Oakes Burnside Gold Mines, Ltd., found itself clear of all except current trading account liabilities and in a strong financial position.

Great activity had prevailed in the Mining and Stock Exchanges of Toronto during the year, one of the most favoured districts being Kirkland Lake, where the five most successful mines showed a market value in December last of some \$140,000,000, and where the highest grade gold mines now operating were situated.

For a long time Tough-Oakes Burnside shares had been quite neglected, but immediately it was known that funds were available and depth development was to be carried on strong local buying of the shares followed. The price soon doubled, but even at their highest the shares had not been more than 25 per cent. of the relative value of the company's next-door neighbours, Sylvanite, who owned five claims to the west. Since mid-December prices all round had gone lower, but there was a general belief in a further forward move.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE HOME & COLONIAL STORES, LTD.

CONTINUED PROSPERITY

The THIRTY-THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Home and Colonial Stores, Limited, was held on Thursday, February 16, at 2 and 4 Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.

Mr. W. May (the Chairman) said that the year 1927 was a difficult one for the company's staff, as, in addition to the general depression in industry, the markets as a rule were not altogether favourable to the company, and competition was keen. Still, on the whole, he thought they might be satisfied with the results of last year's operations, as they had been able to maintain the same dividend as that paid for 1926, and slightly increase the carry-forward. As a matter of fact, the net profits for the year were actually the second best in the history of the company. They amounted to £452,835, and, with £127,707 brought forward, there was a total of £580,542. The directors recommended a final dividend on the ordinary shares of 1s. 6d. per share, making 15 per cent. for the year, and a special bonus of 2s. per share; payment of £5,000 to the company's staff sick fund and £3,000 to the staff benevolent fund; and the provision of £20,000 for income tax. This left £128,250 to be carried forward.

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

The balance sheet disclosed a very strong financial position, and he doubted whether any company engaged in similar business could show a better "sheet," or even one as good. The cash items and stocks on hand totalled £1,408,620, these representing the company's liquid working capital. Investments in Government and other securities stood at £448,488, with a market value of £470,826. The item of goodwill, £374,239, had not been changed since 1922, when it was written down considerably. It had been suggested that this item should be eliminated altogether, and a corresponding amount written off reserves; but he did not see much object in doing this, as, after all, this item was less than one year's purchase of the net profits. When the reserves ex goodwill stood at, say, a round million, or the equivalent of the issued ordinary share capital, they might consider the question again. The amount of £45,283 now transferred from profit and loss account brought the total of the reserve funds up to £1,260,918.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

At the close of the meeting a film was shown illustrating the tea part of the company's business, starting from the gardens in the East right up to the ultimate arrival and delivery of the finished product for sale in the branches. It was stated by the Chairman that this film was being shown for one week during the next six months in each of over 1,000 cinemas throughout the kingdom.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
 2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
 3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
 4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
 5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
 6. Ties will be decided by lot.
- For particulars of our QUARTERLY COMPETITION apply to the Acrostic Editor.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 309

(Last but one of the 22nd Quarter)

A SAINT: A BOOK, NOT WRITTEN BY THE SAME,
BUT BY ANOTHER OF A DIFFERENT NAME.
— TREVES WAS MY BIRTHPLACE AND MILAN MY HOME.
— "THE FUNERAL ORATION OF OLD ROME."

1. Poor beast, with sins of a whole people freighted!
2. By woman's hand to die this king was fated.
3. That we will not be! Let's be up and doing!
4. French town curtail that some have been a-wooing.
5. From three united nothing take away.
6. What harder is than this 'twere hard to say.
7. Of solitary Saturn the dark daughter.
8. In eighteen-twelve, O, what a scene of slaughter!
9. "Here Sorrow sits." Well, then, take off her head!
10. Last of the last remove, and you'll be sped.
11. The Sultans here bestowed their many ladies.
12. To him addressed the Cambrian bard's tirade is.

Solution of Acrostic No. 307

oF	fi	Ce	1 See Ovid's <i>Metamorphoses</i> , ii. 13.
E	ur	Opa ¹	2 "The roach is a leather-mouthed
R	e	Proach ²	fish." Isaak Walton.
Draftsmanship			3 See Bret Harte's Ballad, <i>Plain</i>
E	uchr	E ³	<i>Language from Truthful James</i> .
L	ibe	R ⁴	4 A name of Bacchus. See Titian's
A	rc	H	picture of <i>Bacchus and Ariadne</i> in the
N	icknam	E	National Gallery. "A picture which
C	arnivor	A	is at once a school of poetry and a
E	ye	D	school of art—in its combination of

all the qualities which go to make a great work of art possibly the finest picture in the world' (Poynter)."

ACROSTIC No. 307.—The winner is Mr. E. P. Trendell, 24 Dene Road, Guildford, who has selected as his prize 'Trial of the Duchess of Kingston,' edited by Lewis Melville, published by Hodge, and reviewed in our columns on February 4 under the title 'An Ugly Duchess.' Twenty-five other competitors named this book; next in favour were 'The Babyons,' 'The Day After To-morrow,' 'New York Nights,' and 'Many Latitudes.'

ALSO CORRECT.—A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Carlton, Miss Carter, W. H. Carter, Ceyx, Chailey, Clam, D. L., Dolmar, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Iago, Jop, John Lennie, Margaret, Met, George W. Miller, N. O. Sellam, Oakapple, Plumbago, Pussy, Rikki, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zyk.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armadale, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, J. Chambers, Chip, Maud Crowther, Dhualt, Eldav, Farsdon, Gay, W. E. Groves, Kirkton, Madge, Martha, Lady Mottram, Quis, Shorwell, Twyford, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Miss Rosamund Winckley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ape, Billy, J. R. Cripps, Lilian, Rho Kappa, R. H. S. Truell. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 308.—One Light wrong: Tiny Tim. Two wrong: Farsdon, J. L. MacCallum, Ape, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boskerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Dhualt, Cyril E. Ford, G. M. Fowler, Iago, Jeff, Jop, Kirkton, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Miss Moore, H. de R. Morgan, Polamar, Pussy, St. Ives, Tadpole, Twyford, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yewden. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 305.—Correct: Farsdon, St. Ives. One Light wrong: Chip.

KIRKTON.—Transposed letters may be reversed, or arranged in any other order.

OUR TWENTY-SECOND QUARTERLY COMPETITION.—After the Eleventh Round the leaders are: Carlton; Clam, Yendu; N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisyphus; Armadale, Kirkton, John Lennie, Martha, Margaret, Met, St. Ives; Ceyx, Iago; Boskerris, Madge, C. J. Warden; Dhualt, Gay, Oakapple.

Other replies are held over till next week.



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